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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 445

EDITORIALS

Are We Planning War? 447
G. M. Wants a Strike 448
Poulos and Palestine *by Freda Kirchwey* 449

ARTICLES

Greek Tragedy, 1945 *by Constantine Poulos* 450
New Deal for France *by Oreste Rosenfeld* 453
British Labor's Headache *by Aylmer Vallance* 454
Everybody's Business *by Keith Hutchison* 456
The People's Front *by Del Vayo* 457
Oil Beneath the Waters *by Alan Barth* 458
America's Homesick Army II *by Joseph Freeman* 460
It Happened in Portland *by Carey McWilliams* 462

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Notes by the Way *by Margaret Marshall* 464
The Atom *by Benjamin Harrow* 465
Wandering, Waiting, Working *by Rolfe Humphries* 466
Briefer Comment 468
Fiction in Review *by Diana Trilling* 472
Art *by Clement Greenberg* 476
Records *by B. H. Haggin* 476

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 478

CROSSWORD PUZZLE NO. 133 *by Jack Barrett* 480

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The Shape of Things

PRESIDENT TRUMAN HAD A MAGNIFICENT chance on Navy Day to reassert this nation's leadership in world affairs. Less than a mile from where he stood a great battle fleet lay at anchor in the Hudson River. It was fitting that the Commander-in-Chief should pay tribute to the naval might and the courage and skill that so largely contributed to victory. And just because we are strong and because we have no immediate cause to fear an enemy it hardly seemed necessary to shake our armed might in the world's face. The President was in a position, in fact, to declare that the national security of any nation in the future can rest only in a strong international organization. Instead, he repeated with vehement protestations the anachronistic folklore of national security so beloved by the brass hats, who appear to have slept through the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Mr. Truman's restatement of American foreign policy was noble but strangely unconvincing. He presented the United States as a cross between Theodore Roosevelt and St. Francis of Assisi. Throughout the twelve-point declaration ran a tone of self-righteousness, a smug superiority to the "lesser breeds without the law." From this attitude it is but a short step back to isolationism—a short step forward to imperialism. Almost as an afterthought the program made obeisance to a United Nations organization. But in view of the whole tenor of the speech, it seems hardly likely that Englishmen, Russians, Greeks, Hungarians, Indonesians—or even Americans—will interpret Point 12 as a realistic commitment to a world organization that will place limits on the sovereign rights of aggression and guarantee the freedom and security of all peoples—including the American people.

*

THE ADEQUATE CONTROL OF ATOMIC ENERGY continues to hold the chief focus of national discussion. The Senate has sensibly passed the McMahon bill and has named its author, Senator Brien McMahon, chairman of an eleven-man committee to investigate the whole field of atomic-power control. The House Military Affairs Committee, it is to be hoped, is meanwhile extracting some of the most noxious venom from the May-Johnson bill. Outside Congress, Albert Einstein, in an interview with Raymond Swing that appeared in the November *Atlantic,* urged that the atomic bomb be intrusted to a world government with full military powers set up by the United States, Great Britain, and Russia. His hesitation to turn over the bomb now to the United Nations Security Council or share the "secret" with Russia clearly stemmed from a sharp appreciation of the sorry state of international confidence. But Dr. Einstein,

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alas, evaded the central issue. It is easy to say "world government"; it is hard to dispel the distrust between ourselves and Great Britain and Russia that has bedeviled all recent attempts to reach understanding. Let us assert it again: what is needed without delay is a new Big Three Conference to break the log-jam of international suspicion. It must take place well in advance of the first meeting of the United Nations Assembly, scheduled to be held January 2.

✶

A SLY, ARISTOCRATIC, HYPOCHONDRIAC PRINCE, Fumimaro Konoye, has emerged as the joint nominee of Emperor Hirohito and General MacArthur for the very strategic task of revising the Japanese constitution. Sixty years ago another prince wrote the present one as a means of forestalling popular demands for liberty and produced a political strait-jacket which has bound Japan to this day. It is not surprising that Konoye should get the Emperor's nod, for he is the most skilful defender of the ruling oligarchy in present-day Japan. He is an intimate of the Emperor and closely linked with the *Zaibatsu* and was, when it was more fashionable, friendly to army extremists. He took Japan into the war against China, suppressed anti-fascists, and organized the totalitarian Imperial Rule Assistance Association. He helped to prepare a smoke screen for the attack on Pearl Harbor by persuading our gullible ambassador, Joseph Grew, that General Tojo was really rather a good sort. General MacArthur's indorsement of him at this late date is a warning that, despite some excellent directives from Washington, a strong hangover of our former Grewsome policy still persists.

✶

PLAYING POLITICS WITH FUNDS FOR RELIEF is no game for this hour of the world's need. Yet this seems to be the purpose of several amendments proposed in connection with the $550,000,000 appropriation asked for UNRRA. The most moderate is Representative Herter's proposal that no part of the appropriation shall be used in any country unable to certify, among other things, that press representatives "will be granted full liberty to observe and report upon the distribution and utilization of relief and rehabilitation supplies and services." The most extreme—and absurd—is Representative Brown's proposal to forbid the use of American funds in any country that interferes with the freedom of the press or imposes any censorship upon information in time of peace. Either of these amendments would bar UNRRA aid to the Philippines because General MacArthur has imposed press limitations there. Undoubtedly the proposals will get ardent support on the House floor; vocal devotion to press freedom is an easy avenue to publicity. The resultant delay in voting funds may have disastrous effects. The sum requested represents simply the balance of the $1,350,000,000 pledged to the international organization by Congress. It is urgently needed now for the purchase of food and other supplies. With a desperate winter approaching, it would be tragic if a break develops in the pipeline of aid to the liberated peoples of the world.

✶

ALTHOUGH "KING" RYAN WAS SUCCESSFUL IN forcing the striking members of his International Longshoremen's Association back to work, his grip on the union, which he has ruled autocratically for so long, has clearly weakened. By skilful use of the "red" issue, reinforced by more direct methods, he achieved a split in the insurgents' ranks, two of whose leaders recanted after being beaten up. But the spirit of revolt against his leadership has not been crushed, as the longshoremen showed when they rejected by a huge majority the new contract he had negotiated. Ryan and the New York Shipping Association then agreed to submit disputed issues to arbitration. This move, however, is likely to be blocked by a court order won by the insurgent group, which restrains Ryan from entering into any agreement with the employers pending formal trial of charges that his conduct of the union has violated its constitution. Consequently, there is renewed hope of a public airing of the murky internal affairs of the I. L. A. Believing that the issues involved in this case are of far more than local interest, *The Nation* has assigned an experienced investigator to study the situation on New York's waterfront. The first of his reports will be published shortly.

✶

THE SETTLEMENT THAT ENDED THE STRIKE IN the motion-picture industry represents a complete victory for, and vindication of, the position taken by the Conference of Studio Unions. The contracts of these unions will be reinstated and all striking members returned to their jobs as of the date the dispute started. Recognition of the Set Decorators' Union follows as a matter of course from its recent certification by the National Labor Relations Board, and a procedure has now been established with the American Federation of Labor for the settlement of so-called jurisdictional disputes in the motion-picture industry. All this represents a decided setback for the International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees (I. A. T. S. E.), whose dictatorial methods started the trouble. Thus *The Nation's* prediction of ultimate victory, made at the start of the strike, has been fulfilled. Under the honest and courageous leadership of Herbert Sorrell, the 7,000 members of the fourteen unions on strike waged a fight with few parallels in recent labor history. For thirty-three weeks they held out in the face of extreme violence by goons, thugs, and employer-minded police and of mass arrests. To continue a struggle of this kind, not for a matter of wages and hours, but for a principle—the right of men to belong to a union of their own choice—shows an understanding and integrity which the whole labor movement should salute.

✶

THE COMMITTEE ON UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES may be abolished as a result of a petition filed in the House by Representative Patterson of California. The committee's request for the scripts of eight liberal radio commentators has made it clear that the new Rankin-dominated body is no less a menace to American civil rights than was its predecessor, the Dies committee. As Raymond Swing has pointed out, the committee's action could have only one motive—a desire to restrict freedom of criticism on the American radio. While the committee may be powerless to censor radio scripts directly, the mere request to see them might intimidate com-

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mentators and their sponsors. Similarly, the current inquisition at Hollywood seems to be aimed at preventing producers and players from using the movies as a vehicle for political enlightenment. Nothing can justify its continued existence.

Are We Planning War?

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S message to Congress on universal military training is an elaborate argument for that curiously outdated guaranty of national security. The proposal, as he discussed it, must be examined on two counts: Does it contribute materially to national defense? What does it portend for the foreign policy of the United States?

1. Will universal military training contribute materially to national defense? Our answer is no. The President said he was concerned with "a long-range program of national military security for the United States." As "one essential part of this program" he offered a post-war military organization containing three elements—a "comparatively small" army, navy, and marine corps, a "greatly strengthened" reserve, and "a general reserve composed of all the male citizens of the United States who have received training." This is a plan designed to win the last war, not the next.

It is not necessary to stress the disingenuous parts of the President's message. He said that trainees "would be no closer to membership in the armed forces than if they had no training," and in the next breath points out that "the emphasis in the training . . . will be on the use of all the instruments and weapons of modern warfare." One wonders what "membership in the armed forces" consists in.

Mr. Truman said: "If attack should come again, there would be no time under conditions of modern war to develop that latent strength [of our untrained citizenry] into the necessary fighting force." He added: "Never again can we count on the luxury of time with which to arm ourselves. In any future war the heart of the United States would be the enemy's first target. Our geographical security is now gone—gone with the advent of the robot bomb, the rocket, aircraft carriers, and the modern air-borne armies."

We believe this to be a correct view of a future war. But if this is true, what security does a "general reserve" provide? What battlefield do "the robot bomb, the rocket, . . . and the modern air-borne armies" offer a "general reserve"? Where is this reserve to fight? What time will it have in which to be mustered, equipped, and transported overseas to cut off at the source the hail of rockets, the stream of air-borne armies?

The President offered a half-answer to these questions when he said: "Modern war is fought by experts—from the atomic scientist in his laboratory to the fighting man with his intricate modern weapons. The day of the Minute Man who sprang to the flintlock hanging on his wall is over. Now it takes many months for men to become skilled in electronics, aeronautics, ballistics, meteorology, and all the other sciences of modern war. If another national emergency should come, there would be no time for this complicated training. Men must be trained in advance."

This is a half-answer that begs the main question of military training. Can a year of such training give men this kind of knowledge? And even assuming this to be possible, can men trained in a year to handle the new tools of war come back in three years or six to prepare to use the weapons developed in the meantime by modern technology?

All these questions must be answered in the negative. And because they cannot be answered affirmatively, the President posed an irrelevant set of alternatives when he said, "We can maintain a large standing army, navy, and air force. Or we can rely upon a comparatively small regular army, navy, and air force, supported by well-trained citizens who in time of emergency could be quickly mobilized."

These are not the alternatives. The alternatives are: we can belatedly build up the sort of military establishment which was useful in the past, or we can plan a military establishment appropriate to the future—a highly trained professional force which is kept up to date through world-wide intelligence on atomic energy and its applications, and on all scientific developments in the fields of electronics, aeronautics, rocket propulsion, and the tactical handling of air-borne armies.

These are not toys which drafted boys can play with for a year and then forget in the hurly-burly of going to college or making a living. If it is true that "only might can assure peace," universal military training is no longer a policy capable of providing the kind of might needed in the atomic age. It is, in fact, the policy most likely to contribute to a decline of the might which is needed. The gravest danger we see in the universal-military-training proposal is that it will engender a sense of false security in this country, and in the Congress which must pass its laws.

2. Mr. Truman's proposal carries serious implications for America's foreign policy, which were not disposed of by his Navy Day address.

We cannot believe that the President's military and foreign-affairs advisers are ignorant of the implications of atomic energy and other developments in the field of technological warfare, even though the President himself has apparently been protected from hearing of these immediate scientific probabilities by the administrators who wish to control their application and keep the public in the dark. We can only assume that the Administration and the high command expect another war within five years and that they believe that war will be fought with Russia.

Only on the basis of this expectation can the insistence upon universal military training be explained. For if there is to be war in five years, it is probable that the Soviet Union will not have been able to produce atomic explosives in significant quantities; the war may not be fought on lines radically dissimilar from the last war, and universal military training may indeed help us win.

We realize that this sounds like sensationalism of the worst sort. We submit that it is simply another way of saying what the unsensational Walter Lippmann said in his column last Thursday:

> During the dangerous and difficult years which lie ahead of us—the years when the world must be pacified in order that there may eventually be peace—our own influence in the world will be directly related to our actual and immediate—not our potential and eventual power. In these dan-

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gerous years the paramount question will be whether or not a new combination is to be formed for the purpose of making still another attempt to overthrow the civilized order to which we belong, of which we are a principal defender. It is the task of diplomacy, acting through the United Nations Organization and through our alliances, to deal with such a new combination at the first sign that it is being formed. If we are well armed, diplomacy can do this without resorting to arms. If we are disarmed, our verbal protests will be disregarded, and in the end we shall have to fight.

There could be no clearer exposition of the bankruptcy of twentieth-century nationalistic foreign policy, that two-faced policy which attempts simultaneously and hopelessly to achieve national security through the mutually contradictory methods of unilateral action and international cooperation. On the one hand, the sovereign states ratify the United Nations charter and declare that the reign of international law has at last arrived. On the other hand, the sovereign states act on the assumption that the charter embodies no law, that it is alliances and arms rather than organization that count. They move quickly to occupy the ground from which to defend their sovereignty and national self-interest. This two-faced policy will inevitably degenerate into the single policy of the armaments race, and we shall have war.

For the Congress to pass a universal military training act now would be to foreclose the issue. The issue need not be foreclosed so soon: nothing would be lost and much would be gained by delaying the decision for two years. Therefore we urge the postponing of the vote, while citizens and scientists and Congressmen alike most prayerfully consider the true alternatives: no more wars or one more war, world law or world ruin.

G. M. Wants a Strike

ON NOVEMBER 5 a Labor-Management Conference will begin discussions in Washington of a carefully prepared agenda, devoted solely to the problem of improving industrial relations and minimizing strife.

About the same time the General Motors Corporation is expected to issue its answer to the case put forward by the United Automobile Workers for a 30 per cent rise in hourly wage rates. There is every indication that it will be a flat rejection, and as a result the Washington conference to promote industrial peace may very well be disturbed by the din of a pitched battle between our largest union and our richest and most powerful corporation.

Walter P. Reuther, the union's spokesman, has declared, however, that every possibility of reaching a settlement will be exhausted before a strike is called. To this end negotiations are being continued despite the fact that management representatives are so indifferent that they read newspapers while Reuther and his colleagues present their arguments.

This is only one of many signs that General Motors is not merely ready for a battle but even anxious to provoke one. H. W. Anderson, vice-president of the company and its chief negotiator, has indeed asserted that charges to this effect are absolutely ridiculous. But Ralph Hendershot, financial editor of the New York *World-Telegram*, whom none will accuse of enmity toward business, wrote on October 24: "Motor management's unofficial position is that if there must be war with labor, now is the time to have it. The public is not only short of cars but is counting on the automobile industry to provide a large portion of the nation's post-war jobs. Consequently it will take a much keener interest in the issues at stake than ordinarily." Mr. Hendershot might have cited an even more potent argument for war now from the corporations' point of view. It is that any losses a strike this year may involve will be offset by a reduction of taxes on excess profits accumulated before V-J Day. In fact, with the excess-profits tax due to lapse, there is a lot to be said from the profits angle for delaying reconversion until 1946.

The belligerent attitude of the General Motors management is also illustrated by a letter sent to its employees, which, although negotiations were still in progress, assumed that a strike was inevitable and warned the struggle would probably be prolonged. Finally, we have to take into consideration a long statement issued to the press by Charles E. Wilson, president of the company, declaring that if prices of cars are not raised, automobile workers will have to swallow a 23 per cent cut in take-home pay. There was only one other alternative, he suggested, and that was an amendment to the Wage-and-Hour law making the legal work-week forty-five hours instead of forty.

This request to Congress to dilute labor standards seems to have impressed a lot of editorial writers by its sheer arrogance. At any rate they failed to see that as a solution for the present wage controversy it is 100 per cent phony *unless G. M. and other corporations are prepared to guarantee forty-eight hours' work weekly for the period of their union contracts.* If they are, this would leave take-home pay at its war-time level and make current negotiations much easier. If they aren't, the Wilson plan is simply one for getting more labor for less money.

No General Motors spokesmen have yet attempted to refute in detail the U. A. W.'s claim that its wage demands can be met without raising prices. Careful studies by the union's research staff indicate that on the basis of a 50 per cent increase in output over 1941 next year—G. M. is planning a 70 per cent increase—it would be possible to pay higher wages, cut prices, and still leave shareholders bigger profits than they have ever known. There may be something wrong with these calculations, but if so, it is up to the company to demonstrate it. Management can no longer be allowed to take G. M.'s attitude that profits are solely the concern of the management and stockholders and cannot be discussed with the union.

Prices, wages, and profits are all bound together, and the public cannot judge what prices and wages are fair if denied information about profits. On October 30, before this issue appears, the President is expected to announce a new wage-price policy, and on the basis of recent studies by government economists to give his support to moderate wage increases coupled with the general maintenance of price ceilings. Business will undoubtedly howl, but it better be warned now that the public will not be impressed unless it proves its case with facts and figures. The kind of propaganda General Motors has been pouring forth to pin responsibility

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for a strike on the workers might have been good enough in the twenties; today the corporation has got to answer the union's case fully or lose out in the court of public opinion.

Poulos and Palestine

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

CONSTANTINE POULOS, author of the remarkable article on Greece in this issue of *The Nation,* was thrown out of Palestine last week. He was thrown out by Major General B. F. Giles, United States Middle East commander, on the demand of the British authorities. The incident is instructive. It reveals, in microcosm, almost everything that is wrong with British-American foreign policy.

As correspondent for the Overseas News Agency Poulos has written some of the best stories to come out of Eastern Europe. He got into Greece before the first British contingents landed and lived with the guerrillas. Since the liberation of the Balkans he has spent months in Bulgaria; indeed, he sent dispatches out of that country while the newspapers were reporting that it was still barred to American correspondents.* Poulos has made a name for himself in this war for courage, enterprise, and honesty. In addition to these qualities he has one which is rarer among correspondents: he is a man with political understanding. He knows—and explains—what events mean.

And that is why Poulos was thrown out of Palestine.

In an article published in *The Nation* last December Poulos told the story of Britain's maneuvers to smash the left-resistance movement in Greece. As the first full report to appear in America, it attracted much attention. The article which appears in this issue will, I believe, make an equally deep impression, for Poulos shows, almost a year later, how successful the British effort has been. Greek freedom is crushed; its champions are dispersed; the country is hungry and dangerously demoralized. Rex Leeper, the British ambassador, pursues the same tactics under the Labor government that he introduced under Churchill. America's representatives still obediently follow the Foreign Office line. This is known as continuity in foreign policy.

But one must not become cynical. As Poulos points out, Mr. Leeper and Mr. McVeagh and Mr. Bevin and Mr. Byrnes are firmly insisting on early elections in Greece; free elections; supervised elections; elections with the left forces effectively atomized, the people's movement crushed, and thousands of political prisoners (men who fought on our side) safely stored in jail. This is known as democracy in foreign policy.

Constantine Poulos went to Palestine, and in his first dispatch, published in the New York *Post* on October 24, he said, "Palestine in October, 1945, is reminiscent of Greece in October, 1944." He described the atmosphere of tension, daily recharged by wild rumors and made-up tales of terrorism in the local reactionary press. And he predicted that soon British intervention would be found necessary, both to "establish law and order" and to "prevent massacres"—as in Greece.

It was after this single dispatch that Poulos's permit to visit Palestine was revoked by the Middle East command.

Before this article is read, an agreement on a common policy for Palestine between Britain and the United States will probably have been announced. Whatever its terms may be, I have little doubt that the United States will offer to share responsibility with Britain for working out and enforcing them. Clearly the British have a right to demand that we do more than give advice on the administration of the Middle East.

But American participation will not automatically insure a more courageous, decent policy. Formally we are jointly responsible for Allied policy in Greece and in Italy; in practice, as Poulos has shown, the policy is British. In Palestine we may merely find ourselves used as a cover for a slightly modified policy of Arab appeasement. This is the role we have cheerfully played in Syria and Lebanon.

America is profoundly committed to support of a Jewish National Home in Palestine. Our policy was first announced by President Wilson in 1919 and has been repeated by every President since then; it was indorsed in a resolution unanimously adopted by Congress in 1922 and embodied in the United States-British convention on Palestine ratified by the Senate in 1925. Never have we receded from this position: Indeed, it was stated with explicit emphasis in both party platforms in 1944 and restated by President Roosevelt last October. America is committed. But today, when the surviving, homeless fragments of Europe's Jewish community are clamoring for admission to Palestine, a curious and new note has crept into official statements in Washington. We are sorry for Europe's Jews, certainly: but it is one thing to care decently for the survivors, to find places of refuge for them, in Palestine if possible, or indeed almost anywhere except in America; it is another to follow a policy which will create difficulties with the Arabs.

The exchange of letters between Ibn Saud and President Roosevelt sounded the new note too clearly to be misinterpreted; even if the President believed that his promise of consultations with the Arabs implied no retreat from his pledged policy, it carried that implication to the Arab leaders and stiffened their resistance. And the reiteration of his words by Secretary Byrnes has had the same effect. Since then they have redoubled their threats and stepped up their demands. They now not only warn us that war will follow any attempt to set up a Jewish state in Palestine, but worse —much worse because much more convincing—they threaten to refuse the oil and refinery agreements now under negotiation with American firms. And in this threat one can discern a reason both for the new willingness of the United States to share with Britain the control of policy in the Middle East and the new note of compromise which has crept into our pronouncements on Palestine.

Next week we shall know better whether these ugly suspicions are justified: but meanwhile it is significant that a correspondent of the caliber of Constantine Poulos has been expelled from Palestine by joint action of the British and American commands. Significant, and extremely stupid. For it offers convincing proof that the situation in that unhappy fragment of western Asia will not bear the scrutiny of a man who knows how to look behind the press releases.

*His article, Bulgaria from the Inside, appeared in *The Nation* for June 23.

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Greek Tragedy, 1945

BY CONSTANTINE POULOS

Athens, October 13

IT IS very depressing to revisit Greece one year after its liberation. The tragedy is deep and overpowering.

Greece today is a country to which the fascist ministers and financial backers of Dictator John Metaxas can return in safety and resume their brutal exploitation of the Greek people; it is a country where the people are so hungry that last month when the liner Gripsholm brought these fascists back from the United States, where they had been living in luxury, men in little boats fought viciously over the garbage dumped by the ship in the harbor of Piraeus.

There is gaiety in Greece. Americans will probably see that gaiety soon in a March of Time film. They will see a luxurious night club with smartly dressed women and handsomely groomed men dining and dancing expensively.

Outside the night club, on the night early in October when the March of Time unit was photographing the palace, a taxi driver was waiting for a party. "Sure," he said bitterly, "I served two years in jail in the thirties. I stole. I am going to steal again. The four people I am driving around tonight will spend in one hour in there three times what I make in one month. I have a family."

Unskilled laborers, like the taxi driver, are making 75 cents a day. Skilled and white-collar workers get between $1.25 and $2 a day. Food prices went up 123 per cent from August 15 to October 10. A loaf of bread costs 50 cents, olive oil $1.40 a quart, meat 70 cents a pound, and sugar $2 a pound.

Today Greece is experiencing one of the most serious crime waves in its history; and the same small group of Greek financiers and industrialists which made huge profits under the Germans is making even bigger profits now. With no Stock Exchange to speak of, the economy of the country is tightly controlled by this handful of men, for most Greek businesses, large and small, have always operated on credit obtained from the National Bank of Greece. Although 51 per cent of the stock of the bank is held by the government and public institutions, the actual control of the bank's operations is in the hands of a few closely intermarried families and two large British banking houses, which hold the remainder.

Such highly concentrated control of business and finance in a country the size of Greece enables these circles to manipulate the country's economy to their own benefit. Recently, when price ceilings which were unsatisfactory to the industrialists and financiers were strictly enforced, this group of profiteers was able to sabotage them and finally force their revocation by skilfully organizing the withholding of commodities from the market.

Determined to profit regardless of what happens to the Greek people, this same group, with the connivance of the government, is using UNRRA supplies to fatten its pocketbooks. A plan for the strict control and audit of raw-wool and cotton stocks brought to Greece by UNRRA and turned over to the Greek government has been blocked by these people, and much of the finished product appears on the black market at exorbitant prices. The big mill-owners are claiming a 20 per cent shrinkage on UNRRA's raw stocks which they are given to process. Six experts who resigned from the Ministry of Supply this month, charging graft, favoritism, and misuse of UNRRA's supplies, say that only a 7 per cent shrinkage is possible, and that the remaining 13 per cent is diverted for sale on the black market.

A big killing is also being made on the heavy remittances from Americans in the United States to their relatives and friends in Greece. The Greeks on the receiving end are paid off by the banks at the official exchange rate of 500 drachmas to the dollar. But the dollar is actually worth 1,500 drachmas.

The corrupt, deliberately inefficient Greek authorities—the same ones who worked for the dictatorship, the Germans, and the quisling governments—are not only collaborating in thus mulcting the Greek people and driving them to crime and desperation, but are also maintaining a back-breaking budget which completely ignores the needs of a sick, homeless, hungry nation. One-third of the Greek budget goes toward meeting ancient and modern state loans held by British banking firms. Well over another third goes for military expenditures, including the purchase of Lend-Lease equipment from the British. (Raw wool from UNRRA's stocks was recently turned over to the Greek army by the government in direct violation of its agreement with UNRRA.) What is left goes to maintain the archaic, stifling Greek bureaucracy.

So, one year after the Germans withdrew from Greece, the Greek people are still hungry, still without clothes, and hundreds of thousands of them are still without shelter. And the thread of British responsibility runs through it all.

WHAT THE BRITISH HAVE DONE

The British have set up three governments in Greece since last January, and all three have fallen. Today, as this is being written, Greece has no government. But the pretense continues. The Archbishop is in the Regency, the British ambassador is in his embassy, and all's well with the Greeks.

Only it isn't. The British are still intent on destroying the leftist socialist movement in Greece. The revelation that the British had selected George Papandreou to be Greek Prime Minister for just that single reason, which was first made in the article called Rule Britannia in *The Nation* of December 2, 1944, has been confirmed by Papandreou himself in a published collection of his documents. Early in 1944, Papandreou reports, he sent to the British authorities in Cairo a long memorandum of which the burden was, Who will save the Greek people from the E. A. M.? Of course, Papandreou himself gave the answer—Papandreou backed by Allied force. Soon afterward he received the following cable:

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"Cairo invites Papandreou leave immediately." He did.

British censorship in Cairo and Greece prevented the story of the hysterical British efforts to wipe out the E. A. M. from being published. Correspondents were not permitted to report on agreements signed between British intelligence agents in Greece and quisling groups.

The story of the guns which the British rushed to the royalist-fascist organization "X" three weeks before Athens was liberated—and of how the quisling government ordered its own troops to guard the transaction so that any attempt by the E. A. M. to hi-jack them would be frustrated—did not get out in time.

The story of the iniquitous "Mr." Shepherd, who under UNRRA's benevolent cover lavishly financed the anti-E. A. M. campaign of the royalist-rightist groups almost to the day that trouble broke out, was stopped on the ground of military security.

The fact that Colonel M. Woodhouse, British chief of Allied intelligence in Greece during the last years of occupation (under the pseudonym "Colonel Kris"), used to head a fascist student movement at Oxford was not made public.

There is still a censorship in Greece. It is the well-known "hidden censorship." Two copies of all dispatches must be submitted at the telegraph office. Efforts to trace the second copies have been fruitless. The trail leads only as far as the director of the telegraph office, who admits there is censorship but doesn't know who exercises it. Inasmuch as the "stringers" who do most of the reporting out of Greece now for American and British newspapers and agencies are Greeks, they cannot report as fearlessly as they would like.

No indictment of British policy in Greece can be severe enough. The Greeks have a favorite way of demonstrating how far the British attitude toward Greece has gone. They take visitors to Piraeus and point to a sign which says "Latrines: British, this way—Sikhs and Greeks, that way." All the sweetness-and-light stuff which the British Ministry of Information puts out through its propaganda agency in Greece, the Anglo-Greek Information Service, cannot alter the bitterness which the majority of the Greek people feel toward the British. Not long ago this organization, without the knowledge of UNRRA, asked the Greek government for 150 tons of newsprint from UNRRA's stocks. When it was turned over to them, still without UNRRA knowing anything about it, they passed it out to "friendly" anti-E. A. M. newspapers. Aside from the political implications of such chicanery, the move upset UNRRA's plan for the equitable distribution of newsprint to Greek papers regardless of their politics.

British policy remains unchanged, and the British ambassador, Rex Leeper, who could well write, if he had the time, a "My Day" column describing the continuous stream of Greek officials who call at the British embassy to get his approval on every move they make, doesn't give up. Every indication that the left movement is still alive and strong, like the fourth-anniversary demonstration of the E. A. M. on September 27, when 100,000 people jammed the Athens Stadium and the streets around it, makes him work all the harder to circumvent it.

All during his hectic efforts to force the elections through as quickly as possible, he ignored the left. He talked to men who head parties made up only of their close relatives, and he talked to men who collaborated with the Germans, but he didn't talk to a single member of the resistance movement, and he didn't see any Socialist or Communist leaders.

Failing in his attempts to form an anti-E. A. M. bloc, the British Ambassador gave the Prime Minister, Admiral Petros Voulgaris, permission to announce that elections would be held on January 20. Every party, from the Liberals to the Communists, denounced the move and declared its intention to abstain from the elections, since conditions throughout Greece precluded any possibility of an honest vote. Only the Monarchists and the quislings applauded the Prime Minister's announcement. With such an overwhelming majority of the people opposing it, the government had to resign.

But the merry-go-round still went on to the British ambassador's tune. The aged leader of the Liberals, Themistocles Sophoulis, was called on by the Regent to form a government—with the proviso that he include the Monarchists. Sophoulis was willing to include the Monarchists, but they, carefully coached by the British ambassador, were adamant in their refusal to join a representative government which might include any leftists, even Socialists, and whose first decision would be to postpone the elections until spring. The former Prime Minister, Emmanuel Tsouderos, was next asked by the Regent to try to form a government, with the same condition. He ran into the same impasse.

Of course the result was a deadlock, but now no one could say that the British hadn't tried to make these quarrelsome "primitive" Greeks get together. The next step, too, the British ambassador had foreseen—the falling back on Admiral Voulgaris or someone like him, who would set up a "service government" of royalist-militarists.

THE WHITE TERROR FLOURISHES

The Voulgaris government gave a good illustration of how a service government, officiating under special dispensation of the British, works. It ignored the suffering of the people and by its inefficiency and graft nullified the excellent intentions and efforts of UNRRA's Greek Mission to bring some succor to the country. It replaced the democratic-republican officers in the army and navy and officials in the government with royalist flunkeys. It encouraged fascist terror gangs and viciously persecuted the left.

On Wednesday, October 3, 1945, in an Athens criminal court, a member of the Greek resistance movement was placed on trial for his life, charged with having killed during the German occupation an officer of the Nazi-created Security Battalion. The indictment, as read in the court, charged that "on an unspecified day during the last fortnight of September, 1944, the accused, Athanasios Hadjiyiannis, deliberately and with premeditation, killed one Basilios Papamargaritis, an officer of the Security Battalion . . . guarding a munitions ship in the harbor of Piraeus. This criminal effort was not without losses to the attackers, as the Germans seized two of them and executed them on the spot. The accused, though shot through the left arm, escaped by jumping overboard." (He was arrested later when he went to the Greek police station to claim the bodies of his two fallen comrades.) The indictment further charged the accused with "carrying arms illegally and without permission from the

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authorities." The authorities at that time were the quislings acting under German orders.

Three weeks ago UNRRA stepped in and instructed the Greek government to issue free food from UNRRA's stocks to political prisoners. Up to that time the prisoners had lived on what little food was brought in by the families of some of the men, which was pooled and divided. E. A. M. claims there are more than thirty thousand men and women in the prisons. The American embassy says there are only a little more than five thousand. Other competent observers who have visited the prisons place the figure at sixteen to twenty thousand.

Leftist newspapers cannot circulate openly in the provinces; in Athens the royalist newspapers which appeared all through the German occupation and quietly faded out of existence when Greece was liberated are again publishing their anti-democratic, anti-Semitic venom. A pamphlet is being circulated in Athens describing the daring activities of the Greek actors, actresses, and playwrights in the resistance struggle. It does not mention any names. To do so would be to invite persecution.

On March 25 last, Greek Independence Day, the E. A. M. newspaper in Athens told the story of the two university students who gave the first signal of Greek resistance by tearing down the swastika flag from the Acropolis on May 21, 1941, less than a month after the Germans had entered Athens. The newspaper gave their names. It was a mistake. The "X-ites" searched them out and beat them up unmercifully. Every day, throughout Greece, Liberal Republicans, Socialists, and Communists are beaten, jailed, and murdered.

In a statement to the Minister of the Interior the prefect of Attica reported on October 1 that a steady flow of refugees from the rural areas into Athens was stepping up the population of the capital to one-fifth of the nation's total. The comparative safety of Athens to which these people are fleeing is ephemeral. There are tens of thousands of outstanding warrants for the arrest of members of the resistance movement, either on trumped-up charges or on the basis of some action taken during the resistance period, such as that of the young E. L. A. S. man who killed a collaborationist while trying to blow up a German munitions ship.

That is Greece today—one year after the Germans left it.

AMERICA BACKS BRITAIN

The Americans? Oh yes, in the face of these conditions they join the British in working for immediate elections. When they are not doing that, the staff of the United States embassy is busy explaining to everyone who will listen that the American correspondents, George Weller, Richard Mowrer, M. W. Fodor, Leland Stowe, *et al.*, who reported last December's tragic events, are all Communists. In addition, the American embassy in Athens distributes anti-E. A. M. literature to visiting Americans. ("This booklet just happened to come in today. Take it along with you if you want it. It's very interesting.")

The American ambassador is a nice man. He is no longer even mildly critical of British policy; he seems to be more concerned over whether or not the American soldiers on rest leave in Greece wear neckties.

Two days after the armistice between the British and the E. L. A. S. was signed last January, British headquarters in Greece issued to British officials a confidential review of the struggle. "E. A. M. and E. L. A. S.," it read, "have suffered a military defeat just when both their military strength and their political ascendancy were at their height." Exactly. What Mr. Churchill, Ambassador Leeper, and Marshal Sir Henry Maitland Wilson—significant in view of his recent statements to the Baltimore *Sun*—were unable to accomplish in three years of trickery and treachery General Scobie's tanks, rocket-firing airplanes, bombers, field pieces, and destroyers were able to accomplish in six weeks.

A year ago, after a ten-year struggle, the Greek people had cleansed their country of fascism. The British brought it back.

The resistance movement, which gave the Greek people, stunned by sudden occupation and weakened by deliberate starvation, a new spirit, is today defamed and ostracized. The men who helped the Greek people regain their self-respect and restrain the immorality, meanness, and servility into which their horrible sufferings were pushing them are now "criminals and outlaws."

The left movement in Greece is still large and well organized. The E. L. D. (Union for Popular Democracy) and the S. K. E. (Socialist Party of Greece) have withdrawn from the E. A. M. and will soon combine in one Socialist Party under the leadership of Professor Alexander Svolos. Though they no longer maintain organic unity with the Communist Party, there is an ideological understanding and solidarity. The Socialists have steadfastly reiterated their decision not to participate in any government in which the Communists are not represented. The Communists are now the only real party in the E. A. M. But the E. A. M., despite faulty Communist leadership, still represents a revolutionary promise to many Greeks and has a large following. To the Greeks, who like to deify, the E. A. M. has taken on an almost mystic form. Indeed, the E. A. M. was a power far greater than the Communists realized. That is one reason why they misled it with appeasement, compromise, and vacillation. The Communists never understood how much the E. A. M. meant to the Greek people. The revolt which the E. A. M.'s resistance struggle and attendant self-government in the liberated areas kindled in the hearts and minds of the Greek masses was too great, too overwhelming to be canalized down a narrow party line.

Now the left is divided. Its buoyancy, its militancy have been bludgeoned down. It may rise again, but it will not be the broad, powerful, popular mass movement that it was.

The workers and peasants, the class which made up the bulk of Greek emigration to the United States in the early part of this century, wanted to stay in Greece last year. "We will make Greece a good place to live in," they said.

This year it is different. The men and women who a year ago were turning coffee houses into schools and community centers are now holed up in their homes. The young men who a year ago were voluntarily repairing roads and rebuilding demolished bridges now stand sullenly on street corners. Today one hears peasants and workers saying, "We must get away. Anywhere. There is no hope in this accursed land. This is not life. It is a terrible thing to say, but we hate our country. They have made us hate it."

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New Deal for France

BY ORESTE ROSENFELD

(Editor-in-chief of Le Populaire, *organ of the Socialist Party of France.)*

Paris, October 25 (by cable)

ON SUNDAY, October 21, a referendum and a general election were held in France. In the referendum, upon which the Radical Socialist Party had insisted, the French people, by an overwhelming vote of 18,000,000 to 700,000, indicated their desire for a new parliamentary structure to replace the old two-chamber system imposed by the constitution of 1875. And by more than 12,000,000 to 6,000,000 votes they adopted the Socialist Party's proposal for an executive-legislative setup, much like Britain's, which will prevent Cabinets from toppling every few months over some minor incident provoked by a few ambitious politicians. The Assembly will elect the Premier, and a government can be overthrown only by a record vote forty-eight hours after a motion of censure. The Assembly will sit for not more than seven months; at the end of that time it is to submit a new constitution to the French people for their approval.

The results of the referendum were a foregone conclusion, but the general election brought sharp surprises. Of course everyone expected the defeat of the Radical Socialist Party, which had shot its bolt even before the First World War. The chief party of the Third Republic and generally regarded as the party of the liberal French bourgeoisie, it had produced some remarkable leaders: Waldeck-Rousseau, Jules Ferry, Cambon, Clemenceau, Joseph Caillaux are names which the world recognizes. In the period between the two wars, however, under the leadership of such men as Edouard Herriot, Edouard Daladier, and Albert Sarraut, the party was increasingly unable to adapt itself to the new conditions created by monopoly capitalism. Pacifist, slightly chauvinist, mildly liberal, deeply divided on domestic and foreign policy, at times allied with the rightists, at times supporting the Socialists, the Radicals in 1936 had to yield first place to the Socialists. In the end the party was fatally compromised by Daladier's action at Munich and Chautemps's acceptance of the Pétain coup d'état. After the liberation it had no role to play in a France seeking a new economic structure. Nevertheless, local conditions and the personal prestige of some of its candidates enabled it to obtain a considerable number of seats in the municipal elections last May and in the cantonal elections in September. It was expected to show a loss of strength in the general election, but scarcely to experience total eclipse. Yet that is precisely what happened; with only 25 to 30 seats in a chamber of 585 deputies, the last remaining support of liberal capitalism disappears from the French political scene. M. Herriot himself was elected by only a scant plurality in Lyon, and all the other party leaders, including Daladier, were beaten.

Another surprise was the tremendous victory of the Mouvement Républicain Populaire, headed by Georges Bidault, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Maurice Schumann, known as a speaker for Radio France in London from 1940 to 1944. General de Gaulle has evinced sympathy for the M. R. P.; it is a Catholic party but has a liberal social outlook, a party standing for order but born of the resistance. Some success for it was expected, but no one thought it would emerge on an equal footing with the Socialists and Communists. On reflection, however, one finds its victory understandable. In the first place, its leaders won wide respect as members of the resistance during the German occupation. Secondly, as a new party it bears no blame for the shameful events of 1940. Thirdly, as a Catholic party it does not frighten practicing Catholics by indifference to religious questions. And finally, it has a very advanced social program, which satisfies the workers organized in the Confédération des Travailleurs Chrétiens. Thus it was bound to get the votes of a large section of the workers and of the lower middle classes. In addition, the complete collapse of the rightist parties threw to the M. R. P. the votes of those adversaries of socialism who saw in the new party a moderate force capable of checking the sweeping economic reforms demanded by the Socialists and Communists.

The Socialist Party did not do as well as it had hoped. True, it received 750,000 more votes than in the cantonal elections of September 22, but the Communist vote rose as well, and the two parties now find themselves on a par, each with about 150 or 155 seats. The Socialists registered sharp gains in the industrial regions—Paris, the north, and the Pas de Calais—but did not cut into the Communist vote there. The total Socialist vote was more than four and a half million, that of the Communists practically the same. At present, therefore, the workers are divided into two parties of equal strength. It had been expected that the consistent pro-Russian attitude of the Communists and their frequent volte-faces would prevent them from obtaining so great a success.

For the first time in the country's history Parliament will not be made up of a wide variety of party and non-party representatives, with personalities outweighing programs and principles. In the new Constituent Assembly 84 per cent of the deputies will be grouped in three equally matched parties. This insures greater stability to a Cabinet and greater continuity in government policies, but it also creates a new complication. The government of tomorrow must be a three-party coalition. A government composed of representatives of only two of the parties—say, Socialist-Communist, or Socialist-M. R. P., or M. R P.-Communist—could not survive. A two-party coalition would control a bare majority. But is a three-party agreement possible? The social and economic program of the M. R. P. accepts the minimum reforms advocated by the Socialists. The Communists accept them too, though in the campaign they avoided any discussion of social changes. But on

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the religious question the M. R. P. comes into conflict with the French Communists; it was attacked by them very violently, and often unjustly, during the campaign as the party of reaction. And it is distrusted by the Socialists because of its stand on private religious schools. The Socialist Party respects liberty of conscience and religion but insists on a state monopoly of education and on strictly secular education in the primary and secondary schools. As for a Communist-Socialist entente, the Communists conducted such a bitter campaign against the Socialist Party, and particularly against Léon Blum, that relations between the two parties are now very strained.

These obstacles, however, are not insurmountable. The three parties will be absolutely obliged to reach an understanding—otherwise, no government is possible. The country has already waited a year; any further delay in putting into effect the first measures of socialization and in organizing national life on a new basis will only increase France's difficulties. Fortunately, during the underground struggle against Vichy and the Germans the three parties, working together in the Comité National de la Résistance, agreed on a common program of reforms, formulated by the Socialists and adopted on their initiative. This program should be the program of the new three-party government. The Constituent Assembly will meet on November 6. The representatives of the three parties must reach agreement before that date. The election quarrels are in the past—only the future matters.

British Labor's Headache

BY AYLMER VALLANCE

(The Nation's *London correspondent*)

London, October 22

LABOR Ministers, one suspects, must now and then take a glance at the back benches and echo the Duke of Wellington's comment on his troops in Spain: "I don't know what they will do to the enemy, but, by God, they frighten me." Since Parliament reassembled, it has been evident that the Cabinet has less to fear from its opponents than from its supporters. With Mr. Churchill absent, sick, the Opposition has cut a poor figure. Debating the bill to give the government blanket powers to continue for five years such of the war-time controls as are necessary for orderly reconversion and price stability, the Tories did not dare to admit publicly that they wanted a profiteers' free-for-all scramble. So they had to argue, very ineffectively, that two years of controls—their counter-proposal—would be in the spirit of true British liberty, whereas five years spelled red tyranny. Again, when they proposed a motion of "grave apprehension" at the state of housing, their guns were silenced in advance by a devastating White Paper, issued on the eve of the debate, showing that Tory Ministers in the Coalition and Caretaker governments had made a sorry mess of the program for temporary, prefabricated houses. Instead of the 500,000 emergency dwellings whose production—with the speed of a "military operation"—Mr. Churchill talked of eighteen months ago, only 4,152 have so far been erected, with another 6,055 "begun"; and costs, miscalculated by the Tory architects of the program, have rocketed from the $2,400 originally estimated for a Portal house to over $4,000 for an average "pre-fab" dwelling. The Opposition's record and present performances are such as to give the government little concern: its headache comes from the back benches.

It is not yet a serious headache. There is no real rebellion—none at least which Ministers cannot out-maneuver by the familiar tactics of a few minor concessions and much masterly inactivity. But the party's rank and file in the House are displaying definite signs of uneasiness and impatience. These relate not only, or mainly, to the government's stiff, parochial foreign policy. True, most Labor M. P.'s are disquieted by the growing realization that Mr. Bevin's success in bawling out Mr. Molotov may prove to have been purchased at the price of partitioning the world into antagonistic spheres—with Britain sandwiched uncomfortably between two gigantic continental powers. Many, too, are alarmed by signs that the Foreign Secretary's brave stand for democracy and the rights of small nations has been interpreted by Catholics here and on the Continent as an all-clear signal for an anti-Communist crusade. But Socialists in Britain have traditionally been British, not international, Socialists; the British Communist Party is not loved; and on the issue of our relations with the U. S. S. R. the Labor Party is split from head to heel.

It is split, too, on the question of Palestine. The Cabinet cannot delay much longer in announcing its decision—which will be, unless there is a last-minute change of heart, that the White Paper substantially stands, with the minor modification that a monthly quota of 1,500 Jewish immigrants will be allowed in 1946. The majority of Labor M. P.'s will be inclined to protest that this is a breach of declared party policy, and that the government will be cynically sacrificing the Jews for the sake of angling for the unreliable help of the Arab League against domination of the Middle East by the U. S. S. R. or Standard Oil. On the other hand, the left in Britain by no means indorses the 100 per cent Zionist case; and though Mr. Attlee may have difficulty in justifying a refusal to admit forthwith to Palestine a much bigger proportion of the unhappy Jewish refugees now penned in occupation camps, he will plead with some force that Britain alone cannot reconcile the irreconcilable in Palestine, that American cooperation is essential. In short, there is enough nationalism in the parliamentary Labor Party to enable the government to get away with a foreign policy not noticeably less imperialist than Mr. Churchill's.

It is in relation to home affairs—and it is about these that M. P.'s get letters from their constituents—that the first, faint rumblings of back-bench rebellion can be heard. When the government announced last week its inability to improve this winter the hard lot of old-age pensioners now drawing a

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basic $2.50 a week, a hostile resolution calling for an immediate 75 per cent increase was offered, with the supporting signatures of 170 Labor M. P.'s. The signatories complained, not without good grounds, that the Cabinet had yielded weakly to obstruction by the Ministry of Pensions' permanent officials, whose argument was that the consequent revision of over two million supplementary, means-tested pensions would be too big a job for the department's war-depleted staff. It is all very well, say the rebels, to be "sensible"; but what is happening to the promised "boldness and decisiveness"?

They get a dusty answer. The Cabinet is unwieldy in size, and its agenda is congested. In the absence of expeditious Cabinet decisions—which might be more promptly forthcoming and better thought out if a small inner Cabinet were free to concentrate on a few major issues of over-all policy—departmental Ministers are doing their best, and it is in many cases a good best, but they are often getting in each other's way. While the Board of Trade, for instance, is out to maximize production and exports, the Ministry of Labor, pestered by the service departments for more man-power, is still calling up irreplaceable skilled workers in key sections of industry. Worse still, the Cabinet seems blind to the fact that in many cases the longer it takes to announce the general lines of future policy the more difficult it will be to impose a Socialist solution.

For example, is the Cabinet determined to have an all-in, salaried state medical service? It has not said so with any precision; hence as doctors are released by the services and perforce buy their way into practices, the vested medical interest against socialization is reinforced. Are the railways, reprieved from nationalization during this—and the next?—session, to be allowed, with the liquidation of the War Transport Department, to embark on their own individual post-war programs, including renewal of their old wasteful fight with road transport? They will do so, and make the transition to public control much more difficult, unless the government quickly decides and announces precisely what forms of transport are to be nationalized, and when, and declares its intention to continue, ad interim, the whole mechanism of war-time transport control.

Above all, there is the continued absence of any announcement by the Cabinet of an over-all wage policy. Is it desired to "freeze" for the time being all the existing basic rates? Or should war bonuses and overtime earnings, whose abrupt loss precipitated the current big unofficial dock strike, be consolidated to some extent in an upward adjustment of basic hourly wages? And is any attempt to be made to bring the low rates paid by some—now vital—export industries into line with those of trades which enjoyed war-time prosperity? Wages are an integral factor in national planning. But at present they are being left out of account. The dockers are being left to fight it out with the port employers, while the government, "holding the ring" but using troops to unload essential food cargoes, gives the dock workers the impression that it is in practice on the employers' side.

This is disconcerting to back benchers in the House. They are dismayed also at the inch-by-inch progress of parliamentary procedure; and when they look carefully at the one definitely Socialist measure so far introduced, the Bank of England bill, they find that its provisions contain a good deal of "appeasement" of the financial district. The bill, it is true, gives legal ratification to the sovereignty which the Treasury has long exercised informally over the bank's policy; but the bank's directorate, whose personnel is unlikely to undergo radical change, will enjoy a great deal of autonomy. Moreover, though effect is nominally given to Labor's election pledge that the operations of the commercial banks would be "harmonized with industrial needs," the nationalized bank's powers to give "directions" to the deposit banks, as defined in Section 4 of the bill, are to be wielded only if the governor and directors choose to wield them. And no sanctions are provided against refusal to obey.

After this cautious approach by Mr. Dalton to the problem of securing real public control over finance, Labor M. P.'s were eager to cheer Aneurin Bevan when he promised the House that no landlords would be allowed to obstruct a vigorous housing campaign, that profiteering in building would not be tolerated, and that owners of houses with many empty rooms might be compelled to let their vacant space to tenants. Bevan's speech was rousing Limehouse stuff. (Indeed, he is clearly in the running to play the part of the Lloyd George *de nos jours.*) But when they read in *Hansard,* next day, the Minister's exposition of definite housing proposals, they were disconcerted once more by the realization that except for a little "supplementary" production by reconverted ordnance factories he is leaving the provision of all materials and components to private firms, that the local authorities on whom he is relying exclusively to organize building are apparently to be given no special financial aid at low interest rates by the Treasury, and that he failed to give any convincing assurance that he would be able to redeploy enough labor to get his projects started soon in a big way.

All this, then, adds up to a sizable back-bench disenchantment and to the certainty of increasing pressure from behind to make party leaders demonstrate more convincingly that they are not just an administration of liberal reformers, that their ultimate target is a real 100 per cent Socialist state, and that they will move steadily toward that end. To this the leaders will reply: "We are not Marxists; we are first and foremost a government, and a government's business is to run the country. We did not seek a mandate to socialize more than a fraction of the national economy. We took over a concern which will remain 90 per cent capitalist until the electorate decides otherwise. We must work with existing institutions, whether they be banks or chiefs of staff or associations of employers or local authorities packed with Tory realtors. We cannot afford, nor is it our intention, to have a head-on clash with vested capitalist interests in general. Stop talking like revolutionaries—which you are not—and let us get on with the respectable business of government."

Is this a tenable attitude? You will get one answer in Transport House and another, very different, from the dockers now on strike; but it must serve as explanation for the many apparent contradictions in the government's policy. Diego Valdez, according to Kipling, set youth and spring aside in the vain hope they would await his pleasure while he toiled "in bondage to great deeds." The Labor government is setting a full Socialist policy aside. It is in bondage not so much to "great deeds" as to its own self-imposed limitations.

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Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Britain's Taxes and Ours

SUPERFICIALLY there is some resemblance between the tax program put before Congress on October 1 by Secretary of the Treasury Vinson and that offered to the House of Commons on October 23 by Hugh Dalton, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the British Labor government. Both propose to remove from the tax rolls the lowest brackets of income-tax payers; both provide for relief to business as a stimulus to new investment.

The fact that the fiscal doctors agree is, however, no proof that they are both right. On the contrary, it seems to me evidence that one of them is very wrong, for the economic position of the United States is so different from that of Great Britain that similar prescriptions cannot possibly be good for both. In this country, once purely temporary shortages are overcome, the great problem will be to keep effective demand level with production, and a tax program should be designed, above all, to stimulate consumption. In Britain demand exceeds not only current production but potential production for years ahead, and Britain's budget should aim therefore at curbing consumption and encouraging the enlargement of productive facilities.

In proposing elimination of the 3 per cent normal tax and reduction of excise taxes, Mr. Vinson did recognize the importance of adding to mass purchasing power. But out of the $5 billion which he considered the maximum available for tax reductions in 1946, he was willing to allot only half for this purpose. The remainder, he thought, should be used to stimulate reconversion and expansion of industry by abolishing the excess-profits tax.

In arriving at this conclusion Mr. Vinson, I feel, accepted uncritically the view that profit is the sole progenitor of enterprise. Untaxed excess profits will not give birth to industrial expansion unless growth in demand promises to provide a market for the products of that expansion. The increased earnings resulting from the ending of the excess-profits tax might promote such a grant if they were used to lower prices and raises wages. But currently business is resisting wage increases while seeking higher prices, thus shortsightedly doing its best to curb the demand on which future expansion depends. Mr. Vinson's proposed present to the corporations, which Congress appears likely to ratify, is apt therefore to produce merely bigger dividends and bigger company reserves. That means a growth in investment funds but not, until demand justifies it, a growth in actual investment of the kind that creates jobs. And there is already an abundance of investment money available.

Some months ago Mr. Vinson wrote—I quote from memory—of "our pleasant problem of raising our standard of living 50 per cent in the next few years." No such delightful puzzle keeps a British Chancellor of the Exchequer awake at night. He knows that an improved standard of living for his country can be achieved only very slowly as national losses of real capital are made good. In designing a budget his unenviable task, therefore, is to maintain a tight curb on spending. Theoretically perhaps, he should offer no tax relief at all of the kind that encourages consumption. For goods are and will long continue to be in short supply in Britain, and any increase in purchasing power must tend to reinforce inflationary pressures. On the other hand, to overcome its difficulties Britain needs increased production and additions to real capital in the shape of houses, factories, new machinery, and so on. Hence budgetary policy must aim at stimulating both labor output and capital investment.

Facing this situation, Mr. Dalton gave relief both to the lower-bracket incomes and to business, but his bounty to the latter was accompanied by stern warnings that the proceeds were to be devoted to development and not frittered away in increased dividends. The excess-profits tax is to be reduced from 100 per cent—of which 20 per cent took the form of a post-war credit—to 60 per cent, and corporations will also benefit by a 10 per cent reduction in the standard rate of income tax, which will make the rate payable on retained profits 45 instead of 50 per cent. A further important stimulus to investment will be provided by speeding up refunds of excess-profits-tax credits, which will give British business as a whole a capital nest egg of $1 billion.

Relief to the workers will result from a restoration of prewar exemptions to $440 a year for single persons and proportionately for married couples. The graduated tax scale is also to be eased, but even then it will amount to 15 per cent on the first $200 of taxable income and 30 per cent on the next $300. In the case of the higher incomes, those above $8,000, the relaxation of the burden offered by these revisions in normal tax is to be offset by additions to surtax which will leave the very wealthy with a slightly smaller net than during the war. Defending this provision, Mr. Dalton said that it was framed to "continue that steady advance toward economic and social equality which we have made during the war and which this government intends to continue in peace."

During the war low incomes in Britain were called upon to furnish an increased share of the revenue. Through the reduction in personal allowances the income-tax collector reached down into the pockets of all but the very lowest-paid workers. In addition, heavily increased excise taxes on tobacco, beer, tea, amusements, and so forth, and the purchase tax payable on many kinds of consumers' goods, riddled household budgets. As a result the tax load on British labor has reached a point where it is a deterrent to effort. When earnings from four days' work bring weekly income to a level above which any addition is subject to a 30 per cent deduction for tax, the temptation to take a long week-end sometimes becomes irresistible. While the fighting was still on, patriotism to a large extent counteracted the urge to take things easy. Now there is a need to provide fresh incentives to the greater production which Britain sorely needs. Easing the load on the lower brackets is designed to achieve this end.

Mr. Dalton's program, unlike that of Mr. Vinson, clearly relates taxation to the need of the economy as a whole. It is an encouraging first instalment of the fiscal planning which the British Labor government intends to employ as a major instrument of policy.

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The People's Front

LATIN AMERICA is sitting on a pile of uranium. Those who have believed that after this war, just as after the last, the Latin American countries would tag along docilely at the skirts of their two rich aunts, the United States and Great Britain, are badly mistaken. The day is also past when a candidate in Latin America can make lavish campaign promises and then, once elected, limit the "benefits of democracy" to his relatives and friends. The people of the American republics have been profoundly shaken by the war; a revolution is taking place throughout the continent, and everything that happens in Europe echoes in the mountains of Latin America from Patagonia to Popocatépetl.

Take the French elections as an example. In the United States the vote was generally interpreted as an overwhelming victory for General de Gaulle. But the elections have a larger meaning; they confirm the trend of Europe toward the left. In England for the first time the Labor Party holds an absolute majority in the Parliament. In France for the first time the Communists and Socialists together are the majority in the new Constitutional Assembly. These two facts prove that the people of Europe want a change of society from top to bottom. If in the seven months that lie ahead De Gaulle shows that he understands the people's mandate, he may continue to rule France. If he ignores that mandate, the political revolution will go on without him.

In Latin America the revolutionary process unchained by the war takes various forms. On one side fascism is trying desperately to prevent a popular upheaval; on the other side the awakening masses push toward real political and economic democracy. Every Nazi who has managed to slip through the Allied cordon has taken refuge in Argentina or in Franco's Spain. One of the world's great aviation authorities, the Loyalist General Emilio Herrera, recently said that some of the key German engineers and technicians who had worked in Germany on the atomic bomb were continuing their experiments in Spain. Today in Argentina the Nazi agents sent over from Germany in 1939 to spread the message of the Greater Reich are patiently waiting for a crisis to develop among the United Nations; that will be their signal for a new political offensive.

The Argentine anti-fascists have suffered a temporary setback, but their fight is continuing. I have just received a first-hand report of present events from the leaders of the opposition movement. When the army ousted Perón a few weeks ago, it did so as a last resort in the hope of maintaining the control it has held since 1930. The gigantic anti-fascist demonstration of September 22 had mobilized all the forces opposed to the dictatorship. They asked for (1) transfer of power to the Supreme Court; (2) immediate lifting of the state of siege; (3) general elections to be held within ninety days. Then began a campaign of civil disobedience. Badly frightened, the military leaders, after many hours of discussion in the Campo de Mayo, decided to sacrifice Perón, but only on condition that "under no circumstances would they allow the reins of government to slip out of their grasp." They believed they could calm the Argentine people by offering them a new Cabinet, without Perón but still controlled by the army. Their maneuver failed. The stubborn insistence of the democratic leaders on "unconditional surrender" circumvented the farce of a "democratic-military" government. Perón returned to power, this time on the backs of the most Naziphile elements of the army. His new Cabinet is even more Nazi than the previous one; a victorious Hitler selecting his puppet government for Argentina could not have chosen differently. It is rumored that the notorious munitions manufacturer, Fritz Mandl, is now raising twenty million pesos among the Nazis of Argentina to finance Perón's presidential campaign. So Perón enters the race backed by Nazi money and by a gang of *pistoleros* headed by the Ruggero brothers—the Argentine equivalents of Al Capone—who, together with the police and the Argentine-Spanish Phalanx, furnished the shock brigades for a victory celebration on the day of Perón's return to the Casa Rosada.

The case of Venezuela is different. There is reason to question the motives of some of the men directing the new junta; but behind the coup, supplying mass support and social meaning, was a revolt against the century-old system of monopoly landholding and economic inequality. Several months ago leftist newspapers had already begun to publish a list of the great fortunes of the country. One of the most popular moves of the new government was the announcement that it would investigate the personal wealth of public officials as far back as 1907.

Young Venezuelan army officers, educated abroad, many of them inspired by democratic ideals, joined the Betancourt revolt. They resented the fact that a handful of generals dominated the army. And they knew that while an army lieutenant received the same pay as a bus driver, the generals were extremely rich. "It was high time," said one of the military leaders of the successful coup, "that our army ceased being a domestic police force." As a matter of fact, in the spring of 1944 an abortive uprising took place in three army barracks at Caracas and Maracay; it was quickly suppressed, and no reports of it reached the outside world.

On the economic front the war had introduced an explosive factor in the rising cost of living: rice and *caráotas negras,* the national dish of Venezuela, which cost 7 cents before the war, now costs 47 cents. The housing shortage is acute. It is true that a good many reforms had been put through by the Medina government, but not quickly enough to satisfy "Juan Bimba," the man in the street.

One thing is clear today: social changes that once took a quarter of a century to crystallize now occur in a year's time—in Europe, and in Latin America as well. DEL VAYO

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Oil Beneath the Waters

BY ALAN BARTH

(Of the staff of the Washington Post*)*

Washington, October 25

THE most generous obeisance to the theory of states' rights in the legislative history of the United States was made by the House of Representatives on September 20. By a vote of 108 to 11 the House passed a resolution, now before the Senate, declaring that "the United States of America hereby renounces and disclaims any right, title, interest, or claim in and to all lands beneath tidewaters and navigable waters within the boundaries of each of the respective states." It happens that beneath the tidewaters off the coasts of California and Texas lie the richest stores of petroleum now known to exist within the jurisdiction of the United States government. The recoverable oil content of the submerged California coastal fields alone is estimated at about 200,000,000 barrels; with development of the process called "whipstocking," it may be possible to pump incalculable additional amounts from the underwater land as much as five or six miles from the shore.

A decade or so from now this oil may constitute the only available fuel for the United States navy. According to competent geologists, the known oil deposits under the land areas of this country will meet our national needs for no longer than fourteen years. Yet the House was in tumultuous haste last month to renounce any claim of the federal government to the undersea deposits. It was in such haste, indeed, that its Judiciary Committee could not find time to hear a single representative from the Department of the Interior or the Department of Justice or from the army or the navy. It was in such haste that it indorsed this stupendous renunciation after a single afternoon of debate, with less than a quorum of its membership in attendance. And it did it with such an absence of fanfare that its action rated no more than half an inch of space the next morning on page 23 of the New York *Times,* on page 17 of the Washington *Post,* and on page 4 of *PM.*

The haste of the House is a tribute to the lobbying talents of three men—Edwin W. Pauley, formerly treasurer of the Democratic National Committee and now United States Reparations Commissioner, who has a heavy financial stake in the tidelands through his Petrol Oil Corporation of California; the attorney general of California, Robert W. Kenny, who managed to marshal forty-five of his fellow attorneys general in support of the legislation; and William W. Clary, a special assistant attorney general of California, who helped Kenny draft the legislation and then came up to Washington to explain its virtues to House leaders, with the help of some introductory telephone calls from Ed Pauley. Edward A. Harris of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* has disclosed that Clary's fee, if the legislation is finally enacted, is to be paid in part by the oil companies which will be its principal beneficiaries.

Representative LaFollette of Indiana, one of the few House members who opposed the bill, offered an astute, if somewhat caustic, testimonial to Pauley's participation in it. "I find a rather unique coincidence," said Mr. LaFollette, "in the rise of Ed Pauley in the Democratic Party and the removal of Mr. Biddle and the naming of Mr. Clark. I am wondering if the Republican members have made appropriate arrangements for their share of any campaign funds that may arise out of the passage of this legislation."

The stake of the oil companies, and of the states of California and Texas, is a mammoth one. Private operators have leased the tidelands from the states and have paid royalties to state treasuries on the oil they extracted. The arrangement has, of course, been mutually profitable; but it has not resulted in any conservation of oil for national-defense purposes. This happy partnership might have continued without a care had it not been for a notion which formed in the back of Harold Ickes's curmudgeonish mind that perhaps California and Texas were leasing lands which really belonged to the nation. Mr. Ickes persuaded Mr. Biddle, as the final act of that gentleman's attorney generalship, to file a suit testing the validity of the state titles. Direct hearing of the suit by the United States Supreme Court has now been sought by Attorney General Clark.

The state attorneys general assert vociferously that the state titles are indisputable—that they are inviolate attributes of the sovereignty with which the states came into the Union. Mr. Kenny reiterates tediously that the question has been settled by the courts at least fifty times. But the fact is that a federal claim to the tidelands, or to their mineral resources, has never been asserted by Congress, and the specific issue of federal versus state ownership has never been clearly determined. The states undoubtedly have an extremely strong case. But their very reluctance to put it to judicial test should serve to whet popular interest in the views which the nine justices of the Supreme Court may hold on this matter.

What the oil-company lobby has done in this situation is closely akin to what the fire-insurance lobby did when the Supreme Court had under consideration an anti-trust suit against insurance underwriters. It has sought to circumvent the judiciary by rendering the issue moot through legislative action. Congress has unquestionable authority, of course, to determine policy in this matter; it can change the law, if it desires, after a court decision has been rendered. But to legislate while litigation is in progress is to undermine judicial authority in a most reckless fashion.

As in so many cases of its kind, the tideland oil controversy has been piously and speciously presented in terms of states' rights. Most of the attorneys general of non-oil states went along with Mr. Kenny on the ground that the suit brought by Mr. Ickes threatened their municipal powers over harbor developments, shore installations, and other surface rights. The transparency of this fiction was revealed by Rep-

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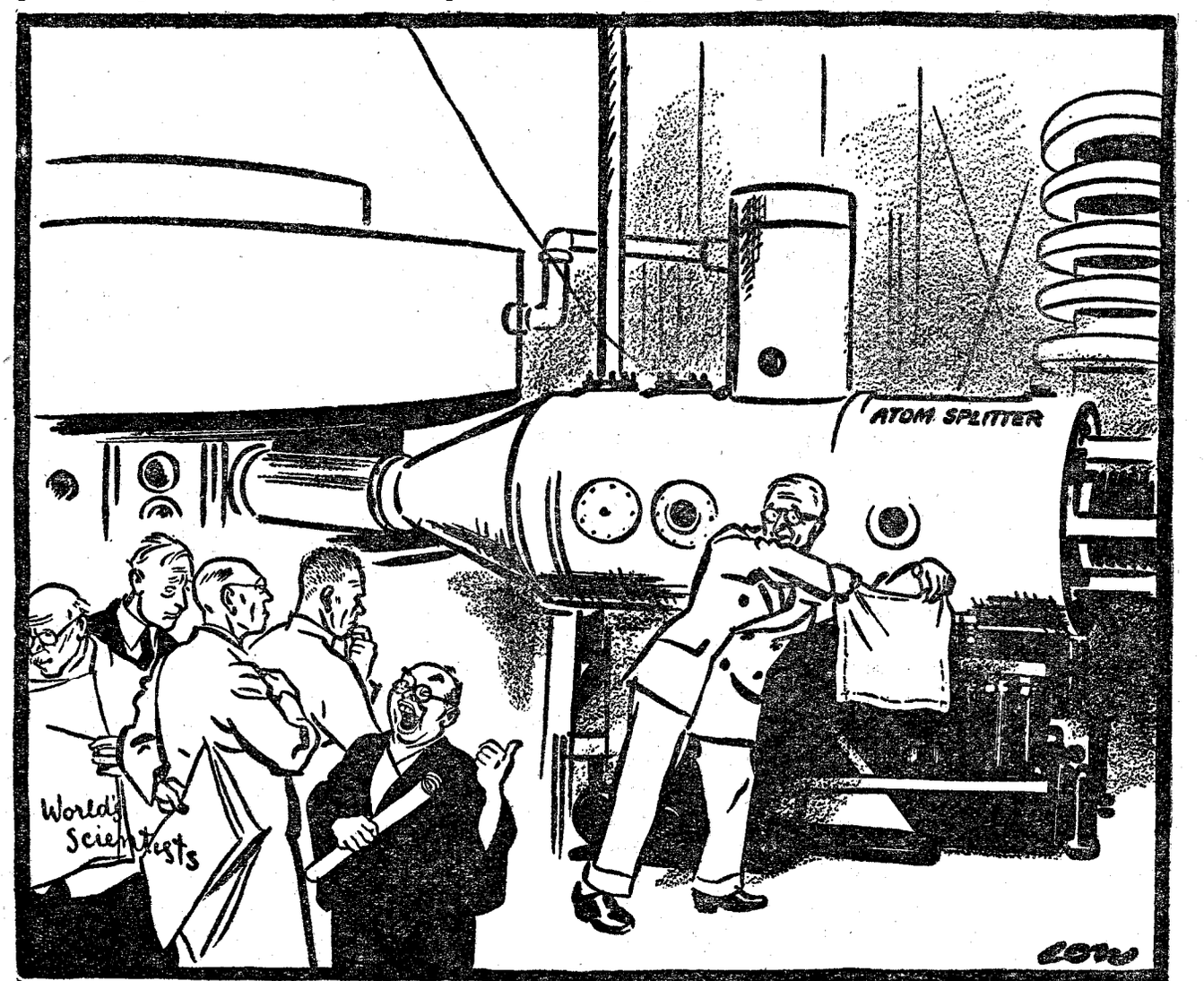
resentative Sam Hobbs of Alabama, who proposed an amendment to the resolution adopted by the House which would have left the municipal powers of the states intact and would simply have asserted and recognized as among the paramount powers of the federal government "the right to conserve and appropriate for any constitutional purpose any mineral deposit, including petroleum, in any submerged land within the territorial waters of the United States of America." Opponents of the amendment said that it "would absolutely scuttle this bill." Obviously, it would have scuttled their real purposes. The Hobbs amendment was voted down, 105 to 17, although its author pleaded with his colleagues to "think twice before you wipe out so much of our national-defense potential."

Judge Hobbs advanced the view that although title in the submerged lands belongs to the states for municipal purposes, "it is subordinate to the paramount right, not title, of the United States for the four constitutional powers—including the power to build and maintain armies and navies—to utilize so much of the contents of those lands as may be necessary in the execution of those constitutional powers." He based his view in part upon an opinion of the Supreme Court in the case of Pollard's Lessee against Hagan, which declared: "This right of eminent domain over the shores and the soils under the navigable waters, for all municipal purposes, belongs to the states within their respective territorial jurisdictions, and they, and they only, have the constitutional power to exercise it. . . . But in the hands of the states this power can never be used so as to affect the exercise of any national right of eminent domain or jurisdiction with which the United States have been invested by the Constitution."

There is nothing novel about a federal claim to the tidelands. In 1937 the Senate passed a joint resolution—which died in the House—declaring the submerged lands along our coast "to be the property of the United States," and directing the Attorney General "to assert, maintain, and establish the title and possession of the United States to the submerged lands." Such an assertion of the federal right is essential if these rich resources are to be saved for the use and protection of the American people. Until it is made, the federal power will lie dormant. Congress, as the representative of the people, ought to make the assertion and then let the Supreme Court rule upon it.

President Truman the other day asserted American jurisdiction over the resources of the entire continental shelf of the United States—as against any claim which might be advanced by a foreign government, not against the claim of California or Texas. But it is the United States navy, not the California or Texas navy, which will make the President's claim respected—provided the navy has enough oil to patrol and protect our national shores.



SSH! IT'S SECRET!

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America's Homesick Army

BY JOSEPH FREEMAN

(Joseph Freeman, author of the novel "Never Call Retreat," traveled with a USO show for nine weeks this summer in France, Germany, and Austria.)

II

THOSE who fear the effects of fraternization on the political opinions of our soldiers in Germany are misled by clichés. They think the G. I. does not know the score because he does not mouth the familiar phrases of the democratic creed, the big words which are seldom defined and often made meaningless by repetition. But the G. I. is through and through the creature of our democratic tradition. As a rule he is young enough to remember his school days, with their idealized presentation of the American way of life, and young enough for his memories not to go back beyond the Roosevelt era, in which the democratic idea was transmuted into action more forcefully than at any other time since Lincoln. The G. I. never mentions the four freedoms which he defended on the battlefields of Africa, Europe, and Asia, but he is a man of freedom, as Raymond Chandler's hero was a man of honor, "by instinct, by inevitability, without thought of it, and certainly without saying it."

That is what has so far protected our soldiers from the political dangers of fraternization. From dozens of G. I.'s I heard the same ideas expressed about the Germans and Germany, and in almost the same words. Riding along the Autobahn toward Heilbronn, Bayreuth, or Munich, one may have a driver from Boston, Los Angeles, Atlanta, or St. Paul. Until a few months ago he may have been an infantryman, artilleryman, machine-gunner, or tank driver. But he always starts the conversation like this: "Ever been in Germany before? Beautiful, ain't it?" Yes, you say, it's certainly a beautiful country. "What a place!" the G. I. says. "If they had a beautiful country like that, why did they want to conquer other countries? They say they didn't have enough space. That's a lot of malarky. Look at all that space. You can drive for miles without seeing a house. They've got space, all right, but they haven't any sense. They're nuts about fighting, that's what's the matter with them." After a while he briefs you some more about the Germans. "Ever meet any Nazis in Germany? Damned right you haven't, and what's more, you won't. There aren't any Nazis in Germany. Anyway, that's what the Krauts want you to think. They're all innocent. They never did anything, never heard anything."

After the fraternization ban was lifted, many Germans seized every opportunity to propagate their views among our soldiers. One heard the same line of talk all through the United States occupation zone. Much of it came from the German women who waited at army tables and cleaned army billets. "What do you think of Germany?" they ask. "Have you seen Kassel and Frankfurt?" Yes, you say, you have seen them, and Marburg, Darmstadt, Stuttgart. "*Kaput,* no?" Yes, totally *kaput.* The houses are piles of brick in the street. "I was in Kassel," says the waitress; "60,000 persons were killed in one air raid." The chambermaid says, "I was in Heilbronn the night your fliers killed 28,000 in one raid." Another says, "You should see Cologne, where my father was killed"; or, "Ach, Berlin—*ganz kaput.* My mother was killed there." They sound as if we were the war criminals, they the innocent victims. "It's too bad about your father and mother," you say, "but Germany started this war. Have you any idea what your armies did in Lidice, Warsaw, Stalingrad?" Then comes the excuse to which the G. I. is exposed every day: "We didn't know. Why should the innocent suffer for the guilty?" What about the concentration camps? There's one a few miles from here. Did you know about that? "We didn't know a thing," the German woman answers.

Occasionally one meets a German who admits some connection with the Nazis, but it was always through *Zwang,* coercion. In Bamberg a woman told me that her brother was forced into the S. S. because he was tall and strong. "Now," she said, "the Allies will shoot him." In Regensburg a dapper young man who claimed to be a writer said that he had been compelled to join the Nazi Party to avoid persecution for marrying a Jewish girl. Oh, what he suffered from the Nazis for love of that woman! He had to divorce her because she could not bear to think that she was not as free to marry him as an "Aryan" woman. I could not find out what finally happened to her, but there was no doubt that the young man had survived the Nazi regime in excellent health. We also ran across ardent German democrats who said they had fought the Nazi regime secretly. How is it, we asked, that millions were arrested and you escaped? The ardent democrat replied, "I was too clever for them."

Unless a soldier is in some special branch, army life restricts his contacts with Germans. He is likely to meet few people who show any awareness of what the world has suffered from Germany or any interest in conditions in other countries. Of course such people exist, and a free political life will eventually bring them to the fore. In Germany's last free election nearly 16,000,000 Germans voted against Hitler. And the newspapers have reported that the Nazis killed 1,000,000 German "Aryans" in the concentration camps. It will take years to separate the sheep from the goats in Germany, and at this moment some of our army commanders are not even trying. But the G. I. makes his own distinctions. He tells about treacherous fighting at the front, when German soldiers killed American doctors trying to dress their wounds. He laughs about the prisoners of war who recite the Geneva Convention to get privileges which the Germans denied to Allied prisoners. "I wouldn't give those dirty Jerries a thing," he says. And though he fought the war without much political emotion, one thing hit him hard.

"Did you ever see a concentration camp?" a captain asked me. "Well, you know how generous our Joes are. During

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combat they'd kill the Krauts and the Krauts would kill us. Then we'd win and take prisoners. And in five minutes we were dressing their wounds and giving them cigarettes and chocolate. Then our boys saw their first concentration camp. They went wild. They shot their military prisoners. They grabbed S. S. men by the neck, ducked their heads in the river, drowned them like rats. They got rough. But you have to see a concentration camp to know how they felt."

Nazis, P. W.'s, S. S. men, Germans who tell you Germany is innocent—for these G. I. Joe has no use. They do not fool him, and he cannot see why we compromise with them. A sergeant and a pfc. in Bad Nauheim were the first to call my attention to evils which General Eisenhower has since started to clean up—the deliberate appointment of known Nazis to local posts under MG, and the failure to discriminate between persons who had suffered in concentration camps for resisting the Nazi regime or for being Jews, and those who got on pleasantly and profitably with the Hitler gang. But the G. I. is fair to Germans who with evident sincerity condemn the monstrous acts of the Third Reich. When he is moved to believe a person who says, "We did not know," he is likely to answer, "Well, there are a lot of things in our own country we do not know."

The G. I.'s reactions to the Germans were sound while the war was still fresh in his mind. The present danger derives from the failure of the army authorities to educate him politically, the persistent efforts of Nazis to make a good impression on him, and the absence of democratic German groups in public life which could counteract that impression.

In their opinion of Russia soldiers differ as widely as civilians. Some are deeply sympathetic and others violently hostile to the U. S. S. R., but there is general agreement that the Russians are great fighters and made the defeat of Germany possible. Officers and enlisted men who met the Russians at Torgau and other junction points described them as swell eggs. But often the G. I. criticizes the Russians from the viewpoint of high American living standards. He thinks of them with good-natured amusement as men whose uniforms are untidy, whose manners are rough, who loot everything in sight, and who are crazy about watches, which the G. I. is happy to sell them at extravagant prices. When you ask a G. I. who has been in Berlin about the Russians, he grins and says, "They're okay but dirty; and, boy, can they drink!"

Normally Russians are very friendly, but the feeling among American soldiers is that Red Army men are not encouraged to associate with them. Unfortunately the G. I.'s hear a good deal of criticism of Russia from other sources. Russian displaced persons who do not want to go home insist that if sent back to Russia they will be arrested because they "have been abroad." It is rather confusing to an American to learn that someone who has spent three years in Dachau will be detained in a Russian camp until the authorities are certain he has not been infected with Nazi ideas. Most of the Germans with whom the G. I. fraternizes voice fear and hatred of the Russians. In any army mess hall at Berchtesgaden I saw a sixteen-year-old German waiter turn green with terror when an American told him jokingly that he was a Russian. More often, anti-Russian talk takes the form of flattery: "You Americans are wonderful; you must stay here. If you leave, those terrible Russians will move in."

The G. I. is now simply marking time in Europe, waiting to be shipped home. He wanders through the streets of Paris, does his occupation job in Germany, makes love to mademoiselles and Fraüleins, plays with kids, drinks a little and gambles a little. He visits museums and cathedrals, climbs to the Eagle's Nest above Berchtesgaden, which he considers a piece of magnificent megalomania. He goes to army movies, plays tennis, swims, listens to the radio. He drives jeeps or European cars along strange highways, through picturesque villages and cities, learning some geography on the way. He learns a little French or German from the girls he picks up. He talks of his combat experience with an impressive grasp of machinery and tactics. He hates war and will sometimes argue with officers against peace-time conscription. He is a thoroughly disciplined soldier, but he makes fun of post-war reveille and formation and the extreme meticulousness about uniforms that General Patton insists on. About unnecessary social distinctions between officers and men he gripes freely in private conversation and in the B-Bag of *Stars and Stripes*. Free speech was never mentioned in ETO, but it was practiced all the time.

The G. I. doesn't talk about the American way of life. He represents it because he has so keen a sense of fair play, so deep a respect for the human personality. He shows humility and thoughtfulness in victory. I heard the news of the atomic bomb over the radio at an airstrip outside Paris with scores of G. I.'s. As the story came across the field through the loudspeaker, it brought them not only the good news of victory but assurance that they would not have to fight in the Pacific. I expected them to cheer. Instead there was a long silence. Then a soldier said quietly, "I guess people better not have any more wars or they'll destroy the whole world."

Everyone who talked with our soldiers in ETO this summer felt that a great moment in the history of the democratic idea had been reached and wondered how long it would last. That will depend a good deal on what happens to the soldier when he returns to civilian life. He is anxious about his future. Technical and master sergeants, company and field-grade officers with rank, authority, and good incomes are afraid of not getting a job at all or of getting a petty job with poor pay and little authority. Many officers were school or college boys before the war and have never had any experience in getting or holding a job; I know a twenty-four-year-old captain who kept asking the more experienced enlisted men under him, "How do you go about getting a job?" Some G. I.'s are afraid of leaving a setup where all the thinking is done for them. They want to get out of the army but do not know how they will manage without this vast machine which feeds, clothes, houses, and pays them, and gives them free transportation, medical care, and recreational facilities. "I'm not used to worrying about these things," one man said. "When I get out, will I be able to think for myself?" Army training is necessarily based on the leadership principle. The G. I.'s are used to it, and that will have to be reckoned with.

In reply to a War Department questionnaire asking, "How much have you thought about exactly what you will want to do after the war?" 75 per cent of the men canvassed said they had thought a good deal, 20 per cent had thought some,

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and only 5 per cent had thought hardly at all about it. The replies showed little difference between officers and men, whites and Negroes, men stationed in the States and overseas. Nearly two-thirds planned to work as employees in industry, agriculture, or government. About 12 per cent planned to work for themselves in business or on a farm, and about 8 per cent wanted to attend full-time schools. Eighteen per cent were undecided about what they were going to do.

The War Department reports further that in their plans for the future most of the soldiers did not take into account the G. I. Bill of Rights, and that "few of them could claim a thorough knowledge of that bill." In a recently completed survey of laws and organizations, government and private, affecting veterans of World War II, Edward L. Bernays showed that much has been done but that much more needs to be done in the direction of simplification and coordination. Legislation for veterans fills a 750-page book which only a trained lawyer can read. Federal, state, and private agencies apply these laws in segments.

When five million G. I.'s have been brought home, the veterans, the government, and the country as a whole will face some stiff problems. Joe has gone through hell and back again. Yet he returns to the country he has saved with very modest demands. He does not want to run the show. All he wants is work and security. If the government, the community, and the veterans cooperate with intelligence and goodwill to apply and extend the G. I. Bill of Rights, the problems before us can be solved within the democratic framework. Then we may perhaps have a carry-over into the postwar era of that remarkable feeling for free and decent human relations which marks the G. I. today.

[*This is the second of two articles on the G. I. in Europe.*]

It Happened in Portland

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

(Author of "Prejudice: Japanese Americans" and "Ill Fares the Land")

Los Angeles, October 22

IN response to the appeals to patriotism of the Kaiser shipyards and the War Manpower Commission, Ervin Jones, a middle-aged Negro, left his home in Shreveport, Louisiana, in the early days of the war to work in Portland, Oregon. With Jones came other members of his family—his wife, Elva; his five children, Ardoria, Marie, Derret, Ervin, Jr., and Revordia; and two sisters of Mrs. Jones, Susie and Zandaree Rembo. Portland was crowded, but the Jones family found a small apartment in Guilds Lake, a predominantly Negro district. Jones and Zandaree found employment in the shipyards as chippers—hard, dirty, and dangerous work. The family got along all right in Portland but hoped to return to their home in Shreveport after the war. One of the slogans in the campaign to enlist shipyard workers for the West Coast had been, "You will like our mountains." They liked the mountains around Portland, Elva said, but they missed the lake, the pine mills, the zinnias, the acacia tree, and their friends in the First Baptist Church "back home."

On August 21 last, at two in the morning, four policemen in plain clothes and a deputy district attorney went to the Jones apartment on a tip from a Negro informer that they might find Scott Thomas, a Negro wanted for the murder of Beatrice Terry, a Negro woman. The officers had no definite information that Thomas was, or had been, in the Jones apartment; they were acting on mere suspicion, based on the word of an informer. The evidence of what actually happened when they sought to enter the Jones apartment is sharply contradictory: the police officers contend that Jones attempted to resist a search of the premises; the Jones family say that they thought robbers were breaking into the apartment, that they did not know the intruders were police. In any case Officer Bard Purcell shot and killed Ervin Jones in the apartment. The officers did not find Scott Thomas, nor did they discover any evidence that he had been using the apartment as a hideout.

The police maintained that no inquest was necessary, but under the leadership of Mrs. Ruth Haefner a Citizens' Committee was formed on September 16 for the purpose of demanding a formal inquiry by a coroner's jury. Yielding to the demands of this group, the coroner convened a rather remarkable jury of six citizens to investigate the circumstances under which Jones had met his death. Though the case involved Negroes and occurred in a Negro district, no Negroes were put on this jury. Under the Oregon law the coroner need not consult anyone in selecting a jury, and the jury chosen consisted largely of officers of the Republican Party machine in Portland. These were: Helen La Monde, who acted as campaign manager for the Republican Party during the recent Portland mayoralty election; Harriet Monroe, state secretary and treasurer of the Council of Republican Women; Mrs. C. E. Runyan, ex-national committeewoman, former member of the Republican State Central Committee, active leader in Pro-America; John Dickson, retired railroad executive, Rotarian, and a Republican member of the state legislature; H. L. Idleman, a state office-holder and a member of the Republican State Central Committee; and Richard Tusant, described merely as a "Republican." After hearing testimony for two days, the jury retired and within an hour returned a verdict of justifiable homicide. At the inquest the presiding officer refused to permit the jurors to be questioned about any possible prejudice and denied a request that the police officers should place on the record their original report on the shooting.

The same Citizens' Committee that had demanded the inquest promptly denounced the verdict as "an invitation to lawlessness, a serious threat to the security of all persons in their own homes, and a grave miscarriage of justice." This statement was signed by representatives of the National

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Association for the Advancement of Colored People, Mrs. Nancy Honeyman Robinson, Democratic national committeewoman from Oregon and an outstanding citizen of the Northwest, numerous churchmen, and other citizens of Portland. The Portland *Oregonian*, in an editorial of October 12, called for a thorough investigation, pointing out that four of the six jurors were active in Republican machine politics and that no Negro had been selected, "although racial feelings could not be excluded from a case of this kind." On the night after the release of the coroner's verdict a near-riot, in which Negro soldiers took part, occurred in the Vanport area. Acting on the demands made by the Citizens' Committee, the district attorney announced that the case would be submitted to the grand jury and that the evidence would be presented by a representative of the Attorney General's office, since a deputy district attorney was one of the eyewitnesses to the shooting. Early in the morning of October 15 an attempt was made against the life of Thomas B. Handley, the district attorney, but was thwarted by police officers detailed to guard his home after he had received threatening messages.

The behavior of the Portland police since the shooting of Jones has been truly amazing. Despite the excitement aroused by the case in a community that has been described as a major area of racial tension for the last two years, the police issued a statement charging that the Citizens' Committee's demand for a grand-jury investigation was merely an attempt to foster racial strife! Some time after Jones was killed the police arrested Scott Thomas, the man they were seeking on the night of August 21. Shortly before the coroner's inquiry, however, Scott Thomas, together with sixteen other prisoners, escaped from the county jail. Although the police managed to catch the other escaped prisoners, Scott Thomas, an important witness for the Jones family, is still at large. A few days ago the police announced that they had received information that Thomas was actually in the Jones apartment when the shooting occurred, but they have refused to provide any details.

For two years now informed observers have warned the authorities that race feeling was running dangerously high in Portland. Nevertheless, Mayor Earl Riley has stubbornly refused to take the most obvious precautions to avert conflict. A report by the Portland City Club, commented upon in the editorial columns of *The Nation* on August 25, provided documentary proof that immediate action was needed. This report stressed the unsatisfactory conduct of the police and made specific recommendations to Mayor Riley and Governor Snell. As might have been expected, the recommendations were ignored. The present widespread demand for an exhaustive investigation of the Jones case will probably assure an honest and thorough inquiry by the grand jury, but that will not of itself clear the charged atmosphere in Portland today. In fact, the existing tensions are likely to increase as unemployment mounts in the area. If trouble is to be avoided, the minimum program recommended by the Portland City Club should be put into effect at once.

The family took the body of Ervin Jones back to Shreveport, because, as Mrs. Jones said, they wanted him buried in "friendlier earth." But they have returned to Portland to assist in the pending investigation

No Guns for Christmas

THERE will be no guns this Christmas. We had them last Christmas, and the Christmas before, and the one before that. This year it will be a peaceful Christmas.

We have set our feet on the road of peace. But the road is not easy. We have known it would be hard. We have talked about the difficulty of keeping the nations together after the war, of building an organization to prevent another war. We had talked of full employment, of peace in industry, of the end of prejudice and intolerance. Now these problems are on us, and some others we did not dream of a year ago—the atom bomb, the vast, all-embracing problem of controlling a new and awful power, of using it so that it enriches civilization and does not destroy us all.

Men of good-will, of courage, of intelligence see that it is their task to solve these problems. It is for such persons that *The Nation* has been published for eighty years—to give them the information and guidance they need for understanding the great questions of the day.

As a regular *Nation* reader you do not need to be convinced of *The Nation's* worth. Thus we do not hesitate to suggest that for the coming holiday season you again make a gift of a *Nation* subscription to those friends of yours whose intelligence you respect, whose point of view you share. It will be a gift not for a day, or a week, but for fifty-two weeks of 1946. It will be a gift that will be especially valued this Christmas, when there are no guns, but a deep awareness of the battle for peace that must be won.

★

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Page 473

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BOOKS and the ARTS

NOTES BY THE WAY

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

THE style of a censor is almost bound to be self-conscious, long-winded, and fussy. Protecting other people's morals is an anxious business, and anxiety makes for long sentences cluttered with apologetic clauses, timid participles, and mealy-mouthed verbs. The non-censor, on the other hand, is free to follow the good old rule that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points—which cuts down the reading as well as the writing time.

I've just been reading extracts from the decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Court ruling that "Strange Fruit" is obscene, indecent, and impure. These extracts, which were distributed by the National Council on Freedom from Censorship, run to almost four single-spaced typewritten pages. The first three, which are filled to the brim, are devoted to the views of the censors. The dissenting opinion of Judge Charles Lumus is printed on the last page, and there is white space to spare.

Here is a passage from the censors' opinion:

> The fundamental right of the public to read is not to be trimmed down to the point where a few prurient persons can find nothing upon which their hypersensitive imaginations may dwell. The thing to be considered is whether the book will be appreciably injurious to society in the respects previously stated because of its effect upon those who read it, without segregation either of the more susceptible or the less susceptible, remembering that many persons who form part of the reading public and who cannot be called abnormal are highly susceptible to influence of the kind in question and that most persons are susceptible to some degree, and without forgetting youth as an important part of the mass, if the book is likely to be read by youth.

And here is Judge Lumus:

> The [majority] opinion rests its support of the conviction upon the statutory words "manifestly tends to corrupt the morals of youth" as well as upon the other prohibitions of the statute. . . .
>
> Such knowledge as I have leads me to believe that without such artificial stimulation [as actual or threatened prosecution] novels of the class into which the book in question falls are read by few girls and practically no boys. The great mass of readers are mature women. Plainly the book was not written for juveniles. They would find it dull reading under normal conditions.

It may well be that Boston is the only city in the country where juveniles will be caught reading "Strange Fruit." Such is the strange fruit of censorship.

THE ERN MALLEY AFFAIR will not down. Last spring the American editor of *Angry Penguins*, the Australian magazine on which the hoax was perpetrated, wrote me a letter saying, among other things, that Dorothy Green, whose adverse remarks about the poems of "Ern Malley" I had quoted approvingly, was a fellow-traveler. This observation, as I said at the time, seemed to me highly irrelevant. Miss Green found it worse than that. I have a letter from her which reads in part as follows:

> I am sorry to take up your time, especially over a matter that may seem somewhat out of date to you now, but the remarks made about me by the American editor of *Angry Penguins* (Mr. Roskolenko), which you quoted in *The Nation* of June 23, have just come to my notice. He seems to have left you with the impression that I am a member of the Communist Party, and I should be extremely grateful if you could allow me space to deny emphatically membership in that or in any other political party. . . . If he deduces from my article on the Malley affair that I am a Communist, or any other sort of 'ist for that matter, then he would be well advised to study a little elementary logic. The article was based entirely on my judgment that the Malley poems were bad poems. . . . I am not concerned with avant-gardism, penguinism, surrealism, but only with the poem which confronts me at a particular moment. And this, I think, is the only thing with which a critic has any right to be concerned.

I READ "The Russian Story" by Nicholas Mikhailov (Sheridan House, $2.75), and I still feel as if I had been out in a big east wind. As history it is more curious than convincing, but the spirit of the book is extremely informative. Mikhailov is described as a great Soviet geographer and historian, and he has written a hymn to Soviet geography and history which is enough to sweep Russians off their feet and make Henry Luce tremble in his boots. It reminds one, in a way, of the self-glorifying American oratory of the last century when the eagle was kept so continuously in flight from the peaks of the Alleghenies to the top of Mount Hood that its shadow was said to have worn a trail across the basin of the Mississippi. With the great difference that, according to Constance Rourke, who ought to know, the American encomiums were as often as not regarded as "buncombe" by both orators and auditors. "The Russian Story," needless to say, is preternaturally solemn; it fairly hums with the energy and power of a giant country feeling its strength and flexing its muscles. And when the Soviet geographer says that "all of Western Europe could be easily tucked away in the expanse between the Ob and the Lena River," the reader involuntarily looks around for Western Europe.

As I have indicated, the historical content of the book is less authentic than the spirit which animates it. But by compressing 1,000 years of Russian history into 200 pages, Mr. Mikhailov has made any demand for detail or documentation seem irrelevant, not to say ungracious. Obviously he didn't have space to mention the Soviet-Nazi pact or the Finnish war or the trials. Or is this another case of brevity being the soul of wit?

Let me illustrate his method. On page 24 he writes: "In

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November (old style—October), 1917, under the leadership of Lenin and Stalin, the Revolution triumphed." But by the time any old-style Octobrist has got his breath, Tovarisch Mikhailov has finished with the civil war, the type changes, and we read: "Now Hitler was at the gates of Tula. . . ."

He returns to the civil war when you least expect it—just after Napoleon has been driven out on page 68. "Stalin," he tells us, "was in direct charge of the uprising in Petrograd in October, 1917." A few lines farther on he has this to say:

> [Stalin] finds the southern front in a state of collapse. At headquarters great laxity prevails; traitors and incompetents are in commanding positions: the army is on the retreat. This is the handiwork of Trotsky, commander-in-chief at that time.

And so on. But again, before you know it, Russia is saved, the type changes, it is the late autumn of 1941, and no questions asked.

Pravda recently scoffed at the freedom of the press in Western capitalist countries and acclaimed the Soviet variety. It said that "the freedom of the Soviet press is in service to the people. The Soviet journalist is free because no exterior opinions can influence him." Mr. Mikhailov might be said to be "free" in this sense, for certainly, so far as I can judge, he is not influenced by exterior, that is, non-Soviet, opinions in his survey of Russian history.

Mr. Mikhailov writes well, and some of his passages about the Russian countryside have a lyric quality which provides relief from the exalted and, in the end, exhausting tone of dedication. Dedication has its points. As a way of life, it can get to be pretty wearing. The Russians have had a quarter of a century of it.

Mr. Mikhailov says that "the aim of the Revolution was the happiness of the people." I look forward to the day when the Kremlin, replete with Major Triumphs, will announce a Five-Year Plan of Minor Joys, including the joy of writing history which doesn't have to double as a press release.

MOST DISMAL THOUGHT OF THE WEEK:

Their weekly chore:
To make you roar!
(Adv. for a radio program)

The Atom

ATOMIC ENERGY FOR MILITARY PURPOSES. By Henry De Wolf Smyth. Princeton University Press. $1.25, paper; $2, cloth.

ALMIGHTY ATOM. By J. J. O'Neill. Ives Washburn. $1.

ATOMIC ENERGY IN THE COMING ERA. By David Dietz. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.

IF WE divorce the discovery of the "atomic bomb" from its social implications, it remains an exciting romance. For never before have so many of the beautiful discoveries of science been pooled to reach one overpowering climax. And yet, as in other scientific discoveries, we are here dealing, at one and the same time, with a "soaring angel and a creeping snake"; given a catalytic push in one direction, it should bring happiness to mankind, but pushed in the wrong direction, it may well mean the end of this planet.

I cannot see how any attempt at secrecy in regard to the preparation of the atomic bomb can succeed beyond a very short time. The foundations of the process, and even some of its details, are common knowledge to physicists and chemists everywhere. The feeling of insecurity of which we in this country are conscious with this treasure in our hands cannot be lessened by further attempts at secrecy. No nation has the power, no nation should *want* the power, to keep the secret of the bomb to itself. Inevitably we are led, it seems to me, to advocacy of an international organization to supervise this death-dealing instrument.

Of the three books before us, the one by Smyth has deservedly become a classic overnight. It gives us a fascinating picture of the series of experiments which have led to our present knowledge of atomic structure—a necessary prelude to the atomic bomb. What an array of master-minds in this field since 1896—Becquerel, the Curies, Thomson, Rutherford, Einstein, Chadwick, Fermi, Urey, and others.

The key to the work lies in a few fundamental discoveries: that the atom is a "planetary system," with a nucleus of neutrons and protons surrounded by outer orbits of electrons; that chemical reactions—such as the burning of coal or of gasoline—involve the outer electrons only, with the liberation of a comparatively small amount of energy; that the great storehouse of energy is in the nucleus; and that what we call "matter" and "energy" are quantitatively related—they are, in fact, different forms of the same eternal "stuff."

When we speak of the energy of the atomic bomb we mean the energy stored *within* the atom—in the nucleus. With this in mind, we get some startling figures. Smyth points out that about two pounds of matter converted into energy give twenty-five billion kilowatt-hours of energy—equivalent to the total power of the electric industry in the United States running for about two months (the figures are for 1939). When two pounds of coal are burned, we get about eight and a half kilowatt-hours of energy. In the former case we liberate the energy within the nuclei of the atoms; in the burning of coal the nuclei of the carbon and other atoms are not disturbed.

The practical achievement of the atomic bomb depends, among other things, on the selection of a suitable element for "atomic fission"—uranium; and on methods for controlling the reaction, which are secrets. It is no small satisfaction that the very Hitler who longed for an atomic bomb drove from his country some of the scientists who made the atomic bomb possible in this country.

Smyth's report, beautifully presented, unfortunately requires some knowledge of the physical sciences for a full appreciation of the story. The books by O'Neill and Dietz are written in a more popular manner. They are worthy attempts, particularly the volume by Dietz, but from my point of view they are somewhat deceptive, because the "man in the street," after having read them, thinks he knows a good deal about the subject, when in reality he knows it but vaguely. There is, unfortunately, no other remedy but to take a refresher course in college physics and chemistry.

BENJAMIN HARROW

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Wandering, Waiting, Working

LETTERS OF RAINER MARIA RILKE, 1892-1910. Translated by Jane Bannard Greene and M. D. Herter Norton. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.50.

TO THE devotion of M. D. Herter Norton, this time in collaboration with Jane Bannard Greene, we owe gratitude, again, for a substantial addition to our store of information about Rainer Maria Rilke. These letters, addressed to some fifty correspondents, begin in substance with the year 1897, when Rilke was twenty-two years old; before that, from the years 1892 to 1897, we have only half a dozen items, most of them rather brief notes, one an extensive rhapsody to an early love. They end with the year 1910, a logical terminus, for it was that year which saw the final editing and sending to print of the Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge. These years, then, present Rilke, as it were, between two periods of coming of age—a nominal date, when he was eighteen, or twenty-one, and a more actual date, when the "other self," he could feel, was summed up, and exorcised.

During these years Rilke traveled and lived in many lands —in Germany, Austria, Russia, and France, where he served for a while as secretary to Rodin; in Italy, Sweden, Denmark, and Belgium. And during these years he wrote many books, a book a year, almost, if one can count as far back as the "Life and Songs," of '94, and "Wild Chicory" and "Offerings to the Lares," in '96. There were prose books as well as verse: the "Stories of God," first issued in 1900, were republished in 1904: the more substantial books of poems—the "Book of Pictures," the "Book of Hours," the "New Poems" —come in the years after the turn of the century.

To the average writer, no doubt, these would seem like reasonably active and fruitful years; to Rilke they did not appear so. Convinced or, anyway, trying to reassure himself of his own uniqueness, dedicated and devoted to his vocation as artist, he would not work at anything else. As for eating, let the ravens provide. They did so, ravens in the forms of in-laws, or a long-suffering but generous father, or patrons from the nobility. Determined as he was—"Whoever does not consecrate himself wholly to art with all his wishes and values can never reach the highest goal. He is not an artist at all"—Rilke could not always accept this manna with composure and an easy conscience. "This winter ['02] poverty stood before me for months like a specter, and I lost myself and all my beloved aims and all the light out of my heart and came near taking some official post, and that would have meant: dying and setting out on a spiritual transmigration full of homelessness and madness." "When, Lou, when will this miserable life begin to be effective, when will it grow out over inability, inertia, and opacity to the simple reverent joyousness for which it longs? Is it growing at all? I scarcely dare ask about my advancing steps, because I am afraid . . . to find that their tracks run in a circle, keep coming back to that notorious disconsolate spot from which I have already so often started out."

And it is true, one feels of Rilke's spiritual struggles, that he did make a good many false starts, that he sometimes seems, quite unnecessarily, to be imposing on himself the pattern of hazing he endured in military school, that he dramatizes himself, more subtly, but with the same mawkish priggishness he praises himself for in a very early letter to Valery David-Rhonfeld—"I suffer it because Christ suffered it, silently and without complaint, and while you were hitting me, I prayed my good God to forgive you."

That Rilke could be silly is on the whole good news rather than otherwise. We need to be reminded, occasionally, that artists are not high priests, to the manor born; that they are human beings, can get themselves in jams and messes, make damn fools of themselves. We could perhaps stand a good deal more revelation of Rilke's foolishness, errors, and, for that matter, hard-boiled practicalities. But what is important is to learn how to outgrow silliness; and in that study the letters of these years of Rilke's life are valuable testimony. If one tires of precepts, or suspects that they are set down more to reassure the instructor than to convey instruction, one can find in Rilke's progress much beyond the precept, much in the way of example: what he preached, he learned to practice.

Above all, patience; patience, endurance of solitude and suffering; patience, and work. "Where I create, I am true." . . . "Deep composure for the sake of the fashioning." . . . "Time passed in the difficult is never lost." . . . "The using up of strength is in a certain sense still an increase of strength . . . what is required of us is that we *love the difficult* and learn to deal with it." . . . "Everything depends only on how much and how completely he will be able to transpose himself into artistic matter." . . ."The hostile thing is not life but myself." . . . "Works of art are indeed always products of having-been-in-danger, of having-gone-to-the-very-end in an experience, to where no man can go further. The further one goes, the more one's own, the more personal, the more unique an experience becomes, and the work of art, finally, is the necessary, irrepressible, most valid expression of this uniqueness." . . . "How old one must become in order really sufficiently to marvel, to remain nowhere behind the world; how much one still undervalues, overlooks, misconstrues."

For all his steadfast, rigorous, sometimes almost morbid examination of the self, and his study of the conversion of that self into artist, Rilke was not led up the blind alleys of self-concern into any bogus, dubious mysticism. Sometimes preaching anticipated, sometimes dawdled behind, practice; but the general direction was forward, as if the capacity to look inward improved the ability to turn the gaze outward. What poet, ever, has seen more clearly and joyously the visible world? Over and over, reading these letters, one marks passages that testify to Rilke's ability to *see*, "with eyes that really contemplated and found repose in everything." "A green rectangular field, flat against the curving, deep-blue sea beside which it was set. . . . On this field a woman sitting, in rhubarb red and orange, another in a faded green going back and forth among the white sheets and table cloths hung out to dry on lines and moved in most varied fashion by the wind, now hollow and drawn in, full of translucent shadow, now dazzlingly billowed out, ever and again interrupted by the distinct blue of the sea and overflowed by the sky continually coming down over everything." . . . "One goes through the Luxembourg and in the

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DOES AMERICA NEED A STRONG ENGLAND?

There's dynamite in the growing rift between England and the United States—and it takes a man like Sir Norman Angell, Nobel Peace Prize winner, to reveal it clearly and courageously. He meets pointed questions that are frequently asked, but seldom answered with authority. Is England really on the edge of economic ruin? Why should we help restore her to a position of world leadership, when we can expect the stiffest kind of trade competition? Suppose we don't help—how grave are the dangers to which we expose ourselves—military as well as economic? And finally, what is the truth about her recent "socialist revolution"—a truth most American commentators muffed badly?...It took courage for an Englishman to present this unvarnished picture of Britain today. Norman Angell has produced a notable document for all Americans to read, in "America Needs A Strong England."

THE FATE OF WARTIME MARRIAGES

They're breaking up. The very boys and girls who rushed to the altar under the impetus of war are rushing just as avidly to the divorce courts under the impetus of peace. Precisely why are there so many marriages in wartime...and why are so many of them —38 per cent—ending in divorce? Citing dramatic case histories, "The Fate of Wartime Marriages" reports on a vast social problem that is almost sure to involve people near and dear to each of us.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY—for November—NOW ON SALE

General de Gaulle by Henry C. Wolfe presents a fresh interpretation of the enigmatic general of whom we will continue to hear so much...*What Doctors Know About Headache* may help you find out what to do about yours, if you are a headache-sufferer...*Record of an Industrial Miracle* reveals the almost fantastic job which American Industry did in the war...There's a charming nostalgia in *The Gracious and Spacious Days* by Charles Hanson Towne, and the very opposite in the tale of the Robinson Crusoes of the war in *Battle of the Rocks* by two veteran marines...There is a delightful short story, *Far Be It From Me.* Alan Devoe writes on *Leeches,* Philip Wylie about *Sinclair Lewis'* newest book, and George Jean Nathan on *The Bear Market in Comedians.* Other articles such as *Sumner Welles: Diplomat De Luxe, The Ordeal of Yugoslavia,* and *Switzerland: Prosperity and Freedom* round out a full, rich issue. Altogether a rewarding quarter's worth of good reading.

The American Mercury and Russia

John Foster Dulles recently broadcast the following statement: "For over four years, every meeting of representatives of the great powers was followed by a pronouncement which gave the impression that complete harmony had been achieved. That was the war diet of soothing syrup. The reality was that there was unity in so far as it related to joint effort against common enemies. But behind that there have always been the differences which are now coming to light." THE AMERICAN MERCURY has never given its readers any soothing syrup. It has insisted on realistically recognizing the fundamental differences between totalitarianism and democracy. It has insisted on telling the truth, no matter how unpopular that truth was at a given moment. Our attitude has evoked criticism because it has been mistaken for hostility toward Russia. We firmly believe that it is essential that Russia and the United States cooperate in peace as well as in war. But not at the sacrifice of our basic principles. We will continue to guide our readers in their thinking by presenting facts rather than soothing syrup.

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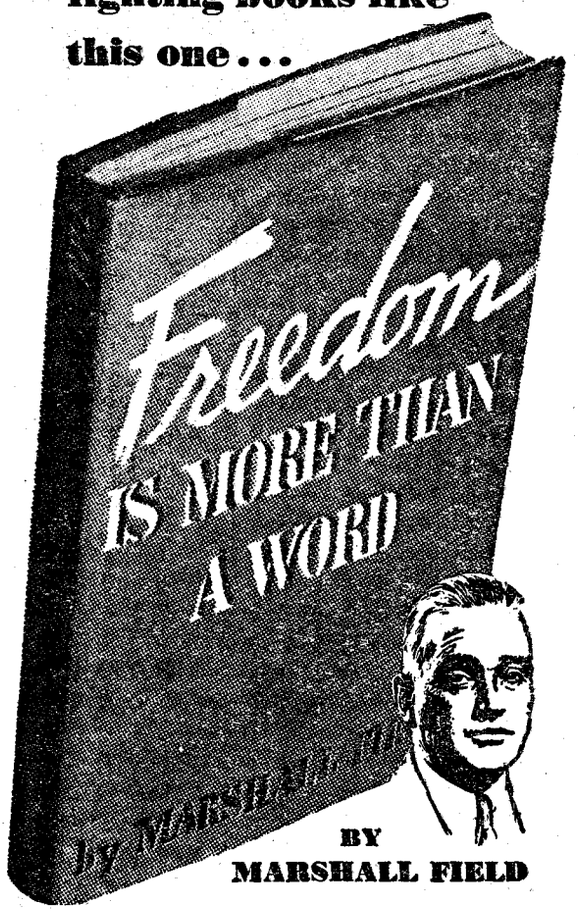

BY MARSHALL FIELD

AMERICA can well be proud of this book. It is the exciting story of a democratic crusade . . . of the publication of *PM* and the *Chicago Sun*, the historic battles with the *Associated Press* and the *Chicago Tribune*, and the story of how Marshall Field's great fortune is fighting for what he considers the essentials of freedom: *groceries, peace, access to facts,* and *a healthy scepticism of traditional ways of doing things.*

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dense, close air sees the rise of the fountains (like a woman in a Japanese print), and a dahlia that melts like a dark berry as one looks at it, and geranium-red and yellow in begonias and colors and colors (the light ones as if they had turned fluid, the dark ones on a black background), all fraternizing with each other on gray." Rose petals that "lie in the grass like torn-up letters," or pictures of bread, Westphalian ham, tea, lemons, red mandarins, "in which a summer is folded up very small like an Italian silk handkerchief in a nutshell."

Nor was it only landscape; it could be people. Rodin, or Tolstoy, with a little too much enthusiasm; Ellen Key, with no remorse over disillusionment. Bernard Shaw—"There is a man who has a very good way of getting along with life—of putting himself into harmony with it. . . . Proud of his works, like Wilde or Whistler, but without their pretentiousness, proud as a dog is proud of his master." Mrs. Shaw—"a solicitous, quietly attentive good woman, full of zeal and enthusiasm for beautiful things, hovering about her husband with all this as the spring wind plays about a billy goat." Rilke's own mother—"this lost, unreal woman who is connected with nothing, who cannot grow old." Baudelaire—"he had a long road to go to get there, Baudelaire, and he went on his knees and crawling." A poetry reading—"again the awful old ladies, whom as a child I used to marvel at, still the same and no more amusing now that the marveling was on their side. A few littérateurs, also the same, dustier, shabbier, and more worn-out with every year, inquisitive and too kindhearted and too easygoing to be envious." Gorky—"you know my opinion, that the revolutionary is the direct antithesis of the Russian: that is, the Russian is admirably suited to be one, rather as a cambric handkerchief is very nice for wiping up ink, provided you completely misuse and ruthlessly misjudge its real attributes." Dante: Ibsen: Van Gogh: Cézanne. Above all, Cézanne.

And all this, which another man could be proud of as his maturity, was in Rilke's case the insight only of his emergence from callowness. In 1910 he was thirty-five, and only beginning, really, with Malte Laurids Brigge out of his system. Not too long, please, Mrs. Norton, for the letters from 1910-1926; and if it is not asking too much could we, next time, have also an index? ROLFE HUMPHRIES

BRIEFER COMMENT

A Middle Western Anthology

JOHN T. FLANAGAN names his selection of the literature of the Middle West "America Is West" (University of Minnesota Press, $3.75), a title dubious in idiom, vague as geography, and false as a literary category. What Mr. Flanagan means is that America is Middle West, but obviously the shorter title is more poetic and more impressive. Abraham Lincoln, Frederick Lewis Turner, and Henry A. Wallace are among Mr. Flanagan's authors, but also included are Ring Lardner, James T. Farrell, Sinclair Lewis, and John Dos Passos, who in a variety of ways help to demonstrate the exact opposite of the editor's intention. For Mr. Flana-

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gan believes that the Middle West, which he entitles "the heartland," has provided a real center for the arts. "For the last three decades," he says in his introduction, "American literature has been primarily the story of those (Middle Western) men and their successors." The truth is that American literature has not been limited in the least to the Middle West, and Middle Western authors have responded to their region chiefly in terms of dislike, satire, and departure. Even Mr. Flanagan's piety as a Middle Westerner does not prevent him from including a good many samples of the rejection which the Middle West has inspired. At the same time it is clear that he delights in colorful characters, quaint dialects, and all the other fixings which make most forms of regionalism resemble nothing so much as a morbid passion for home cooking.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

In Business for Our Health

NOT COUNTING THE AMERICAN RED CROSS, more than 20,000 voluntary health agencies in the United States spend upward of $50,000,000 annually, have perhaps 20,000 paid employees, count more than 300,000 persons on their governing boards, and command the loyal support and part-time assistance of more than 700,000 other volunteers. This is big business; and since these agencies deal with most of the important causes of sickness and death, it is clearly important business too.

"Voluntary Health Agencies," by Selskar M. Gunn and Philip S. Platt, with a Foreword by Dr. Louis I. Dublin (Ronald Press, $3), is "an interpretative study" of this business. It is an admirable study, long overdue. For fifty years voluntary health agencies have been growing in size and number. Much has been known about some of them, but little about the movement as a whole—little about its coverage, its effectiveness, the efficient relation of its parts, whether it is economically or wastefully administered, whether it is carefully planned or has grown like Topsy. The present volume throws a flood of light on these and many other aspects of the movement. After describing and appraising local agencies and state and national organizations, after examining the role of boards, executives, and volunteer workers, after considering problems of finance, the authors come to the following general conclusions:

The most striking fact is the marked unevenness of the movement. Excellent agencies abound, but far too many are inadequate. Voluntary health agencies should subject themselves to searching self-analysis, with the help of expert counsel where needed. They should concentrate on the strengthening of executive and board leadership. They should more effectively coordinate their work. They should simplify and unify their appeals for public support. They should cheerfully and cleanly transfer appropriate activities to the official agency. Recognizing the essential leadership of the official agency, they should strengthen and support that leadership.

It is a first-class prescription. The test will come in the degree to which 20,000 independent bodies can be prevailed upon to take it. The divine right of private initiative, with its accumulation of vested interests, yields slowly to rationalization.

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Stop the Spanish Atomic Bomb!

By JOHN M. COFFEE

Member of Congress

"EVEN as the first of the atomic bombs crashed down on Japan, the world was hit with the terrible knowledge that Nazi scientists in Germany were within a few months of being the first to successfully harness the terrible destructive powers of uranium. But the bombs which fell in Hiroshima and Nagasaki did not destroy the Nazi scientists who had spent a decade or more in working on the development of atomic power.

The German cartels, who hired and supervised the researches of the Nazi atomic scientists, today control more than forty per cent of the industrial resources of fascist Spain. Many of the German Nazis who worked on atomic bombs in Nazi Germany are now safe and working in laboratories in Nazi-Falange Spain.

On July 3, 1945, I introduced a resolution (H.R. 312) in the House of Representatives which called for a complete diplomatic and commercial break with the Franco regime. I said then, and I repeat it now, that such a move on our part would severely curtail the life of the Nazi-Falange regime in Spain.

Franco Spain is, today, the last outpost in Europe of Axis fascism. It is the last refuge where Axis cartels and Axis scientists can function without interference. It is the one spot left in Europe from which the Axis fascists can launch still another attempt to seize world domination.

I must remind those who think my warning is far fetched that **it was in Spain that the Nazis in this war did much of their experimental work on the rocket bombs which hit London and Antwerp,** killing British civilians and American soldiers alike. I need only point to the map of Europe to show how dangerous Spain can be as a launching point for rocket bombs carrying atomic explosive warheads.

The atomic bomb makes the continuance of Nazi fascism in Spain the personal problem of every peace-loving American. Once deprived of diplomatic and commercial relations with the United States, the Franco regime will fall. I therefore, call upon all Americans who love their country to immediately wire or write to the President of the United States, asking him to follow up the gains of San Francisco and Potsdam by immediately breaking all diplomatic and commercial relations with the Franco regime in Spain. I also ask all Americans to write to their own Representatives in Congress urging their support of H.R. 312, the resolution calling for a diplomatic and commercial break with Franco Spain.

Franco mortally fears the Coffee Resolution. When the American Committee for Spanish Freedom, headed by Bishop Lewis O. Hartman, launched a drive to get one million signatures to a petition favoring the passage of H.R. 312, the Madrid radio savagely attacked the American people. Franco's radio spokesman said that it would be impossible to find one million Americans to sign this petition. There is only one way to answer this slur: clip the coupon below, and send it to the Committee for as many copies of this petition as you can distribute. It is up to the American people to determine our national policy towards Nazi-Falange Spain. The Coffee Resolution is the people's mandate on Spain. When it passes in Congress, Franco falls. Your future is in your hands."

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The CHRISTMAS BOOK NUMBER of The Nation will be dated Dec. 1. Advertisers are already placing space reservations for this annual feature, which will be printed in 48 pages or more. Deadlines: Nov. 16 for space reservations and copy to set; Nov. 21 for final OK's and complete plates.

THE *Nation*
20 Vesey Street New York 7, N. Y.

"The voluntary health agencies of the country," says Dr. Louis I. Dublin in his Foreword, "are at the crossroads." He "firmly believes that a great future awaits the voluntary health movement in our country." May his hope be justified by the event.

ROBERT P. LANE

FICTION IN REVIEW

THE scholarship and historical avidity of Robert Graves are awesome things indeed. After having deserted the Rome of Claudius for the England of John Milton, Mr. Graves has now gone back again in time, to Minoan Greece, and reconstructed the voyage of the Argonauts. How much of "Hercules, My Shipmate" (Creative Age Press, $3) is sound historical and geographical conjecture I am not in the least competent to judge; such questions as occurred to an untrained reader like myself were satisfactorily answered in the book's fascinating jumble of a historical appendix. As story, however, Mr. Graves's new novel is excellent entertainment, and this despite the moments when it is overburdened with detail. Inasmuch as it is the assumption of "Hercules, My Shipmate" that Jason's voyage for the Golden Fleece actually took place, it is its further quite proper assumption that the voyage was impelled, vexed, and colored by the political-religious realities of the day; and these Mr. Graves re-creates with a nice balance between what we can suppose to be the attitude toward their own past of the Greeks of Hellenistic times (he explains that he is writing from the vantage point of the second century B. C.) and our own modern attitude toward the pre-Periclean civilization. He suggests, that is, a certain historical distance from his subject, but without at all patronizing it. And although there is a hint of exploitation of the material for its present-day social interest—a touch of strictly twentieth-century chic in the picture of woman-dominated Lemnos, as an instance—one must admire the strength with which Mr. Graves resisted the obvious temptation to play psychoanalytical anthropologist and, in general, his refusal to impose modern "scientific" interpretations upon a historical narrative.

When one returns to the flyleaf after finishing Elizabeth Janeway's "Daisy Kenyon" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) and reads once again that "this novel has not been serialized in any form prior to book publication," one can only wonder why not. Except for some adultery and a bit of rape, both decently atoned for before the story ends, this second novel by the author of "The Walsh Girls" is surely the stuff of women's-magazine fiction. There is the heroine of Mrs. Janeway's title, a magazine illustrator, beautiful with red hair piled on top of her head; there is her married lover, Dan O'Mara, a selfish go-getting lawyer but with alluring moments of Irish charm and hard-headed idealism; there is the tender Pete whom Daisy marries to save him from memories of a dead wife and to save herself from Dan. Attach to this familiar triangle a pair of staunch, no-nonsense friends straight out of Philip Barry; add to the familiar emotional situation a war situation which sends Pete to camp, Dan to Washington, and Daisy to brave pieces; and smarten up the whole story with a running patter of wise talk about politics

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Professor of Psychiatry, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University

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—and what can possibly be lacking for a successful serial of life among the sophisticated sufferers? It becomes the final suitable pretentiousness that Mrs. Janeway subtitles her book "An Historical Novel, 1940-1942."

Mrs. Janeway's first novel, "The Walsh Girls," had very grave faults. It was tedious, over-internal, and achieved its effect of scale by the usual female trick of scaling what are presumed to be the heights of female emotion. "Daisy Kenyon" can be accused of none of these things. It is paced, externalized into action, and, quite the opposite of boasting its female sensibility, it boasts that there are *some* women who are just as much in the worldly know as some men. It is nevertheless so far inferior to Mrs. Janeway's earlier novel that at first glance one can scarcely connect the two performances. For, at least, whatever its moral-literary inadequacies, "The Walsh Girls" sounded a note of earnestness which we are accustomed to listen for as the distinction between a serious writing effort and commercialism; whereas "Daisy Kenyon" rings with all the hollowness of pure slickness. Only when one recalls that moral earnestness is itself becoming more and more the commercial taste, that sensibility is more and more a form of present-day slickness, does one begin to realize that perhaps the distance between Mrs. Janeway's first and second novels is not so great as appears on the surface.

Albert J. Guerard's "Maquisard" (Knopf, $2) is also a second novel which is inferior to its predecessor; but here the circumstances of the composition of the new book must be taken into account. Despite its unevenness and a certain imbalance between its two major themes, Mr. Guerard's "The Hunted" was one of the noteworthy novels of 1944, a book distinguished among current fiction for the quality both of its author's relation to his characters and of his social and moral insights; for instance, what Mr. Guerard had to say about college fraternities remains one of the fresh and significant statements about American life. "Maquisard," a very small novel about the *maquis* in the period following the liberation of France, has no such quality. It has no boldness or penetration; indeed, it is linear, oversimplified, even trite. But the fact that it is the product of Mr. Guerard's own period of service in France seems to me to make usual critical opinion irrelevant. I do not know whether "Maquisard" was actually written on the scene, but certainly it was written with no time or space for reflection, and I take it to be either a literary exercise—that is, an effort on Mr. Guerard's part to keep his hand in, to remember that he was a writer—or else a tribute exacted by association so personally felt that it denies one proper literary distance; or perhaps it was both. At any rate, the context and obviously modest intent of the performance demand that we suspend conventional judgment on it.

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Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

THERE having been a dearth of art along Fifty-seventh Street this past month, I trust Mr. Haggin will forgive me for poaching on his preserve. I want to protest against the omission of Anthony Tudor's realistic ballet "Dim Luster" from the last and present runs of the Ballet Theater at the Metropolitan. I know little about ballet, but "Dim Luster" seems to me one of the most original and successful works of art produced in the last five years—regardless of whether or not ballet is the very minor art form some assert it to be.

Like opera, ballet in this country is a rite, but not so much a social and financial as a cultural and sexual one. Like all latter-day rites, ballet has a remote point of departure, and there is little relation between life as lived in the audience and the notion of it conveyed from the stage. With opera, ballet belongs under the heading of what is called escapist art. But for a number of reasons which cannot be gone into here, ballet is not quite so uncompromisingly escapist. For one thing, it is less archaeological and more folkloristic.

The remarkable thing about Anthony Tudor's ballets is that at times they actually try to deal, in cogent terms, with some of the issues that right here and now agitate the private lives of a good section of the ballet audience.

True, in most of his works Tudor is either too pretentious—in a Weimar Republic, depth-psychological sort of way—or too cute, although even I can discern the brilliance of the choreography in almost everything he does. But in "Dim Luster" he delivers himself for the first time purely and inevitably; here his art bites off exactly as much as it can chew, not too much and not too little. The choreography is a sublimation of the ballroom, the kind of dancing most natural to the audience itself and the kind, after jitterbugging, most popularly alive. The story is not injected into the dancing, nor is the dancing superimposed upon the story. Every element, including the décor and Richard Strauss's slightly dissonant music—which alludes to and parodies ballroom music—flows into and out of every other element.

The scene is a ball: a couple in white among other couples, striding and whirling. During a slight pause someone puts his hand on the male partner's arm, which suddenly brings some memory out of his past. His body freezes in its momentary pose, while his partner stands wondering. Then the floor empties, the lights go down, and he is left to dance alone in front of the skilfully contrived illusion of a mirror, on the other side of which another dancer, dressed exactly as he is, dances back the illusion of his reflection. Then, as the lights go dimly up, a girl dressed in pale green appears, and she and the man dance together: his first sweetheart—innocence, enthusiasm, illusion, etc. The dance finishes, the lights go off and on again, returning the man to the ballroom and his partner. A moment later the latter too receives a flash of memory, from a dropped handkerchief, and she goes through the same pantomime, likewise dances with the wraith of her first sweetheart, and is then returned to the ballroom and her partner. This happens to both dancers two or three times, each time with a different lover out of their respective pasts, as in memory they advance from innocence to what I take to be sin and responsibility. In the intervals, when they are together in the ballroom, they grow more and more bored with each other, and by the time the curtain falls are dancing with the perfunctoriness of indifference and alienation. *Punkt.*

"Dim Luster" contains a rather dark view of contemporary sexual relations. The narcissistic passages offer a clue to a meaning underneath the obvious one, which is merely that the past is perfect while the present is incomplete. No, the partners are each in love with their respective selves, and because they are in love with their selves, they are in love with their own sex. Thus they may really be in love with each other's past, with the men or women the other has had. (Marlene Dietrich sings a song that goes "My past that makes you hate me makes you love me too.") The final impression is that the triumph of homosexual over heterosexual love is being celebrated; a homosexual pattern is shown imposing itself on a heterosexual situation.

This seems to me to be something much more realistic than anything ballet has ever dared to do before. It has behind it the courage of the truth, for the tendency toward the homosexualization of all sex in our society is becoming more and more apparent. What is involved is not simply homosexuality as such but the devaluation of love and sexual relations in general. Perhaps this is why the audience has rejected "Dim Luster"—it would not have been withdrawn for any other reason than lack of public approval. The audience does not want to be told anything about its own life, it does not want realism; it wants its art high-flown and fancy.

That one of the most original works of art of our small moment should have proved unpalatable to a presumably literate audience is—to use the first cliché that comes to hand—one of the saddest commentaries upon the present state of art-consumption.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

THOUGH I could not attend Victor's demonstration of its unbreakable plastic record to the press, I was able to obtain one of the records that had been played on that occasion—part of the new Koussevitzky-Boston Symphony recording of Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel"; and later I received my review copy of the complete set of two records (DV-1; $4.50).

The review copy enabled me to hear what the plastic record sounds like when new. For one thing it has almost no surface noise; and this by itself would probably cause the recorded sound to stand out more clearly and cleanly than on the shellac record. But in addition the plastic record seems to take the extremely fine impression of high vibration—frequencies that the shellac record does not take (I judge by the difference between the sound from a plastic pressing of a Toscanini recording that Victor issued to record-critics a couple of years ago, and the less brilliant sound from the shellac pressing that it issued to the public); and I think it is these additional high frequencies that give the sound of the Boston Symphony performance its amazing beauty, brilliance, and sharpness of definition.

But I was interested also in what the plastic record sounds like after it is played—whether, in particular, those fine impressions of the high frequencies remain or are destroyed. The noise-producing abrasive mineral filler of the shellac record had the purpose of keeping the impression of the recording from being destroyed by the abrasive effect of the needle in the heavy pick-ups that were used in phonographs until quite recently; and one of the things that prevented the substitution of plastics—for example, of vinylite, on which that Toscanini recording was pressed

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for record-critics—was their inability to resist this destructive effect of the heavy pickups in hundreds of thousands of existing machines. When, therefore, Victor announced its plastic record I inquired whether the plastic was vinylite, and if so whether it had been made resistant to the effect of heavy pickups. My questions were referred to the engineering division; and no answers have arrived thus far. But the Victor representative from whom I obtained the demonstration record thought it was made of the same plastic as the Army V-discs, which were made of vinylite; and the demonstration record itself provided one of the answers—for there are more than one—to my question about the effect of heavy pickups.

The record was one of a number that had been played at the demonstration to show, among other things, that the plastic records work with automatic record-changers. The pickup on the changer of the machine on which they had been played had, I discovered, a permanent sapphire point; and it weighed, I also discovered, about two ounces—which was twice what I had always been told was safe with a sapphire point even on shellac records (that is, the excessive weight would cause excessive wear on the sapphire, which eventually would begin to produce excessive wear on records). The machine had presumably been used to play shellac records, and my demonstration record may have been played with the sapphire worn down by this previous use; on the other hand it may have been played with a new sapphire; in either case the sapphire point, worn or new—in a pickup which weighed two ounces and exerted the side-pressures of a record-changer—had erased enough of the high frequencies on the first part of one side of my demonstration record, to rob it of the richness and brilliance of the corresponding passage on the new record. Only that first part of one side had been damaged; the rest was like new, and I would guess had not been played: the record-changer had been set working and had substituted another record.

Possibly a changer with an unworn sapphire point in a one-ounce pickup would be safe; but possibly the changer's side-pressures would still be destructive. Certainties about this type of changer, or about the older type with a heavy pickup and chromium needle, would require tests which I am not able to make.

I was, however, able to test the effect of a heavy pickup that is not part of a record-changer. Picking a brilliant phrase of the high violins on the demonstration record, I played it thirty times with a two-ounce Astatic Tru-Tan and a new Victor chromium needle; and I then found—by a comparison with the same phrase on the new record—that this had not produced the slightest loss in brilliance. But I am fairly certain that there would have been a loss if the chromium needle had been worn down by many previous playings of shellac records, or if the needle had been a misnamed "permanent" sapphire or alloy that had been used on a couple of hundred thousand shellac records. (Victor and Columbia chromium needles, incidentally, are worn down much more quickly than they used to be, and must be watched very carefully and removed at the first trace of fuzziness in the sound.)

The engineer to whom I talk about these matters raised a question that had not occurred to me. "People may be willing to pay $2 instead of $1 for a record that gives them the music without surface noise and with greater clarity and brilliance of sound. But I can't figure out how that doubled price is necesary on the basis of cost. When you consider the costs that enter into the $.60 the retail dealer pays for the one-dollar shellac record—the artist's fee; the cost of recording studio, equipment, and engineers; the cost of manufacturing plant, machinery, and labor; the cost of promotion and sales; other overhead costs—all of which remain the same whether the recording is pressed on shellac or on vinylite; and then when you come to materials, you can see that vinylite might cost twice as much as shellac, or three times as much"—or ten times as much, an industrial chemist interjected—"and it would not push the price up to $1.20 to the dealer and $2 to the public." And the chemist doubted that vinylite actually was at all more expensive than shellac today.

A last fact about the new record: one usually has to clean the dust out of the grooves of a shellac record before the first playing; but the plastic record has to be cleaned before each playing. (The method I use is to press one edge of a soft-bristled handbrush lightly on the rotating record.)

And finally a word about the Koussevitzky-Boston Symphony performance of "Till Eulenspiegel": the playing of the orchestra is a pleasure to the ear; but Koussevitzky heavily underlines every point with tempos that knock the work out of shape and destroy the continuity of its flow.

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Letters to the Editors

A Foolish Thing

Dear Sirs: The army openly invited a race riot in New York last week when it ordered Negro troops to load the big British liner Queen Elizabeth, on which rank-and-file strikers of the International Longshoremen's Association had refused to work. Employment of the troops was an attempt at strike-breaking by the army, with colored soldiers forced to assume the role of scabs.

Violent race conflicts have often originated in the replacement of white strikers by Negro workers. The army, which has fostered racial antagonism in its own ranks by Jim Crow policies, did a foolish thing in a highly explosive labor situation. ALBON P. MAN, JR.

Hollis, N. Y., October 19

$625 a Year

Dear Sirs: The Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, with headquarters in Memphis, Tennessee, has asked for support for its campaign to win a guaranteed $625 minimum annual wage for share-croppers, tenant farmers, and wage hands in the cotton country. The union reports that 60 per cent of the farm families in Arkansas earned less than $400 in cash during the war-boom year of 1944. The planters are seeing to it that earnings go even lower this year. They have been instrumental in having ceilings imposed on cotton pickers' wages in parts of Mississippi, Arkansas, and Texas (under the Economic Stabilization Act) which fix the upper limit of pay for a ten-hour day at $2 to $2.50. A laborer on a cotton plantation averages only 125 days' work a year in normal times.

The people in the cotton country are determined that they shall not be driven back to the misery of the 1930's. Their campaign for $625 a year, guaranteed by contract with the employers, should demonstrate to the nation that there must be improvement in the grave economic problems of the South. The men and women of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union have shown that they have the courage to challenge the system which has enslaved them. We cannot do that job for our share-cropper friends but we can help.

The National Share-Croppers' Fund gives aid to democratically controlled and locally directed organizations in the South which constructively tackle the evils from which the farmers of the South suffer. We need $25,000 immediately to support the new struggle of the share-croppers for a $625 annual wage. If you want to back them up, send us your gift.

EDUARD C. LINDEMAN, Chairman

New York, October 3

In the Track of Trade

Dear Sirs: Would some *Nation* reader please send in again for publication that famous poem about America's conquest of the Philippines in 1898 which begins:

> If you see an island shore
> Which has not been grabbed before,
> Lying in the track of trade
> As islands should, etc., etc.

Not only is this poem applicable to the campaign of our present-day imperialists for American annexation of Pacific islands, but I myself have need of it for a new book I am writing. It should be kept before the public.

AGNES SMEDLEY

Saratoga Springs, N. Y., August 25

Winter in Saint-Dié

Dear Sirs: May I call the attention of your readers to the agonizing condition of one French city, Saint-Dié in the Vosges Mountains? Saint-Dié, which was formerly represented in Parliament by my uncle, M. Jules Ferry, was utterly and wantonly destroyed by the Germans last November, a week before its liberation by the Americans.

Saint-Dié has close ties with your country. It was here that in 1507 a local printer was the first to use the word "America" to designate the new continent, discovered, as he thought, by Amerigo Vespucci. More recently our contacts with America have been frequent and cordial. In 1939, on the occasion of the New York World's Fair, our mayor and city council were invited to the United States and were received by President Roosevelt.

On November 8 and 9, 1944, most of the inhabitants of Saint-Dié were evacuated by the Germans, 970 men being sent to Mannheim. The city was then methodically pillaged. Night and day trucks bearing the inscription *Don de la ville de Saint-Dié aux sinistrés de l'Allemagne* carried off our belongings. From November 13 to November 17 Saint-Dié was burned to the ground; where fire did not work, dynamite was used. Fifteen men found in hiding were shot. When American soldiers entered Saint-Dié on November 23 they found smoking ruins where formerly a historic and prosperous city of 17,000 souls had stood. The inhabitants, returning to their homes, found in most cases that they had lost everything they owned: 10,585 persons in Saint-Dié face the coming severe winter of the Vosges without proper shelter, without clothing, without food (the fields are mined and the cattle gone), without heat (the woodlands are also mined).

Is there anything America can do to help the people of Saint-Dié?

MME ABEL FERRY

Paris, France, October 1

Negroes on Buses

Dear Sirs: As a North Carolinian who has traveled much by bus in the South I share every emotion that Edgar Brooke described in his piece in *The Nation* of October 6. I am also aware that all the things he observed are exactly as he related them. None the less, I should like to offer a minority report.

Item. "The passengers reacted to this episode with apathy; no one said a word." How does Mr. Brooke know that all the passengers were apathetic? Silence does not necessarily denote apathy —or agreement. I have a hunch that some of the white passengers were decidedly uncomfortable. Some people keep quiet in such circumstances because they feel that any words they may say would only hurt the Negro worse. I have often heard even the most "superiority-conscious" Southerners express their distaste for such scenes. The one thing, it seems to me, that should not be overlooked is that most white Southerners—like most Negro Southerners—want above all to avoid conflict.

Item. Most drivers do *not*, so far as I have observed, make Negroes stand when there are white people standing, provided there are seats in the rear for Negro occupancy. Furthermore, in all my years of bus riding I have never seen a single white passenger ask a Negro to rise. (I know, of course, that it has happened.) Similarly I have never seen a

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bus driver—and I am familiar with the type Mr. Brooke mentions—ask a Negro to give his seat to a specific white man or woman. I have seen them request Negroes, with varying degrees of politeness, to move farther back when in the course of the trip white people entered who would have had to sit to the rear of the Negroes. (Incidentally, it is not uncommon to see white men and women sitting on the back seat with Negroes while Negroes occupy a couple of seats ahead. It seems that for their own convenience they can put up with the Negroes' presence.) In North Carolina and Virginia I have often seen Negroes sitting farther front than the state laws permitted—and without any kind of comment from other passengers or drivers.

Item. It was unpardonable for the bus driver to shout: "You, nigger, get off that bus!" In fairness, however, to the Greyhound lines, many of whose practices I can see no sense in, I have seen, at least ten times, a bus driver refuse to permit men who had been drinking to enter. Of these all but one were white. I have seen bus drivers in their petty-dictator role refuse without apparent reason to let passengers with tickets enter, even when there were still seats available, but I have as often seen white people rejected as Negroes.

I feel that Mr. Brooke is too pessimistic about the future of relationships between Negroes and whites. Without being an idealist one can still report many incidents on the credit side of the ledger.

A story told by Lillian Smith, author of "Strange Fruit," in, I think, *South Today* is one that almost any liberal Southerner could duplicate. I tell the story from memory. In a crowded bus from Atlanta to Columbia, South Carolina, one seat is vacant—beside a Negro woman in the center of the bus. A blustering man enters, sees the seat, orders the woman to move to the rear. She explains that she is not well and that the vibration over the rear wheels would make her condition worse. The state laws of Georgia and South Carolina are of course on the white man's side. A gentle lady—a Georgian—gets up, addresses the man, saying, "Sir, won't you have my seat?" She sits down beside the Negro woman. The significant thing to me is that at the destination everyone on the bus—except the blusterer—took the trouble to thank the Georgia woman for what she had done.

C. P.

Harrisburg, Pa., October 10

Deadly Parallels

Dear Sirs: Our Military Government men in Germany must have studied the lessons of World War I, including the memoirs of General Henry T. Allen, who was in charge of American troops in the Rhineland, 1919-23. For in no way do their ideas differ from those of Allied generals then. General Allen and other Allied occupation authorities took the position that the ablest pro-democratic German was hopelessly "inefficient" and that Junkers, industrialists, and Wilhelm-appointed bureaucrats were the boys to work with in saving the world for democracy.

General Allen wrote: "The German bureaucracy was a carefully selected body of officials with reasonable prospects of life tenure, and in consequence supervision of their work was a far simpler matter than actual government by Allied officials would have been. . . . The counsel of moderation won the day, and most of the old officials remained at their posts." Allen was happy because "trained and responsible officials could transmit and carry out orders better than agents of workmen's councils." This fraternization at the top was "welcomed by officials, who regarded our presence as of great assistance to them in enforcing their authority."

Certain naive pro-democratic Germans protested that this was nullifying the purpose for which the war had been fought and proposed that elections be held to select new officials. But Allied generals continued to support their favorites, and, said General Allen, "the local authorities were . . . notified that these elections would not be held."

Still less were the Allied generals willing to give the German people an opportunity to deal with their militarist exploiters with bullets. After the Armistice democratic forces in Germany were disarmed, and loyal supporters of the Kaiser's old order were armed. Lloyd George, Pershing, and Clemenceau testify—without apology—that the General Staff was left with machine-guns to be used in putting down possible democratic demonstrations. As General Allen observed, the "Allied armies, enemies as they were, were far preferable to the anarchy of the Spartacists and Bolsheviks."

Naturally some joy gatherers will dispute the validity of the parallels I've indicated. They'll say that today we have General Ike and then we only had Black Jack. Nevertheless Robert Murphy, the man who first used the "efficiency" fascist-protecting formula in North Africa, is still General Eisenhower's guide in such matters. True, the General recently spanked two-gun Patton. But not until alert newspapermen and the American public had done it first.

Is there still another parallel to come? Allied occupation methods in 1919-23 helped to keep militarists in power and to bring on World War II.

WALTER WILSON

East Chatham, N. Y., September 28

A Shoe for a Shoe

Dear Sirs: I've been stationed in Italy and Germany for almost two years. During this time I've visited several refugee centers. The sharp contrast between the living conditions of refugees and those of German civilians makes me wonder whether we realize the true meaning of "justice" and "humanity."

If the Nazis have robbed the rest of the civilized world of all material goods, why in the name of justice and humanity doesn't the AMG requisition clothing from German civilians for the thousands of displaced persons? The clothing could be requisitioned on a proportional basis from each community through the Bürgermeisters and distributed by UNRRA. Clothing from all

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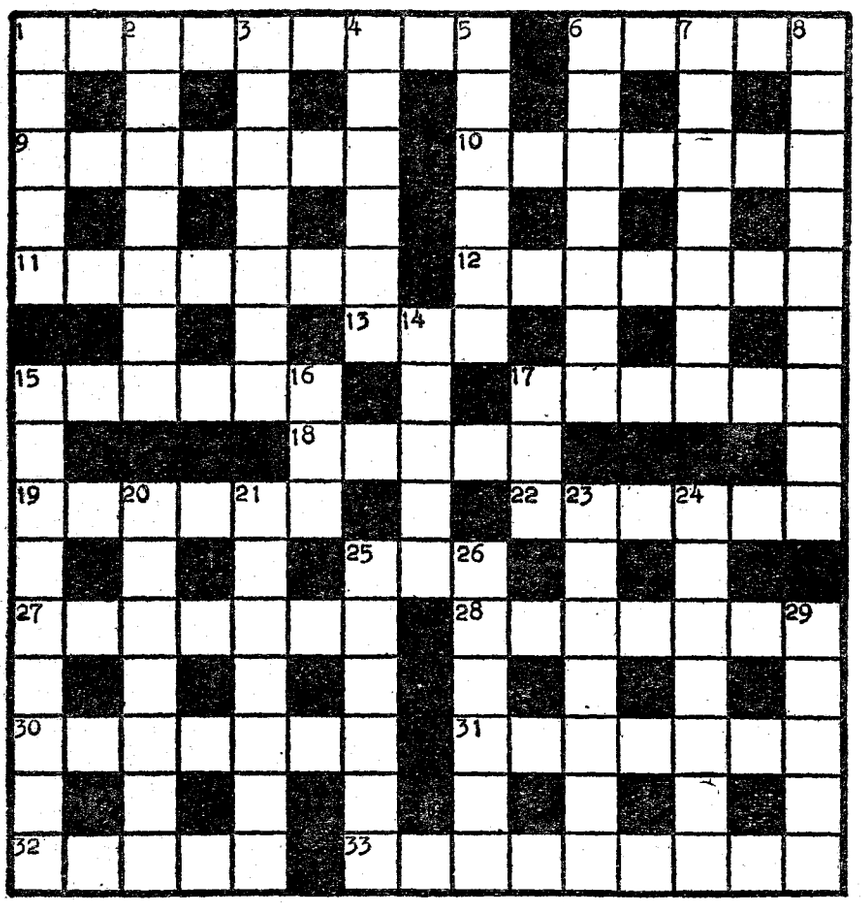
Crossword Puzzle No. 133

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Invention which literally blew the baron of old out of his castle
6 Reputedly the greatest of all operatic prima donnas
9 Like the glamorous movie star after a ducking (4 & 3)
10 Though the speakers illustrate their meaning at these lectures, audiences are left very much in the dark
11 Side of the coin containing the head
12 Foolish fellows who may find themselves in the soup
13 No end of a fellow
15 Hands off!
17 German gun
18 You, I and the cat go to town
19 Making some progress in the boat, despite quarrelling
22 It cannot make a man, save on some worn-out plan
25 Swallowed
27 Don't tell married men these can't lie; they know the naked truth
28 What we call trucks the British call this
30 The widest but not the highest falls
31 Examined closely
32 "When Adam -----d, and Eve span, Who was then the gentleman?"
33 A brain specialist, of sorts, in Rabelais' *Gargantua*

DOWN

1 Clown in *The Merchant of Venice*
2 The Lost City of Assyria
3 The junk man might collect this from the golfer (3 & 4)
4 English poet and essayist (1631-1700)
5 Exchanged for an Oliver
6 First mortal female that ever lived
7 Multiplies by three
8 Where it would not seem to matter how poor the traveler was
14 Live—but only just
15 "On with the dance, Let joy be ---------" (*not* from Childe Harold)
16 Studied hard (slang)
17 A very inconstant creature, Plato decided
20 Bird: first name Walter until L was knocked out of it
21 Give an account of
23 Run fast
24 One who joins up
25 Sideways: ask an insect
26 Official residence of French presidents in Paris
29 Taken in an argument

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 132

ACROSS:—1 COMET; 4 DEVIL; 7 HOPE; 9 ARISEN; 10 AMEND; 12 KENT; 13 DOOR; 15 FIDGETS; 17 MUCKLE; 18 HOMAGE; 19 ARM; 21 LUMINAL; 23 ARTISTE; 24 LAC; 26 SYLVIA; 28 MERINO; 31 NUBBLES; 32 OBOE; 35 OSLO; 36 UNLET; 37 ENCORE; 38 ENID; 39 LINER; 40 TARTS.

DOWN:—1 CERT; 2 MASHIE; 3 TANAGER; 4 DEARTH; 5 VIED; 6 LIDO; 7 HOKUM; 8 PANIC; 11 NOMADS; 14 REEVE; 15 FLANDIN; 16 SORTIES; 19 ALL; 20 MAC; 21 LASSO; 22 MILTON; 25 AMBIENT; 27 AUSTER; 28 MERCER; 29 IBSEN; 30 OVOID; 33 BULL; 34 ELAN; 35 ORES.

organized relief agencies will apparently be too little and too late for the rigors of this winter. Are we going to let the wretched D. P.'s freeze to death while the closets of German civilians bulge with clothing? Why can't we at least take a shirt for a shirt; a shoe for a shoe? CPL. SIDNEY STENZLER

September 5

Rimmer Material

Dear Sirs: I am engaged upon a life of the painter, sculptor, and anatomist Dr. William Rimmer of Boston. I would be very grateful if anyone knowing of the existence of paintings, drawings, letters, or other material relative to Dr. Rimmer would communicate with me. He was active in Providence, New York, and Boston between 1860 and 1878.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

New York, October 11

Where to Get It

Dear Sirs: Those of your readers who are interested in combating anti-Semitism may be interested to know that the famous and effective "Memorandum on Anti-Semitism" by Philip Wylie has been reprinted from the *American Mercury* and is now available on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope sent to the Community Church of Boston, 3 Joy Street, Boston 8, Massachusetts.

JAMES H. LEWIS

President of the Community Church

Boston, October 19

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